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THE CONSTELLATION.

ADVENTURES ON NEW YEAR'S.

New York, January 10th, 1832.

DEAR TIM,—The holly days—as they call them here—are pretty well over. The holly days are from Christmas to New Year's, and they keep it pretty considerably, you may depend. They don't make no account at all of thanksgiving, as we used to in New England, and one half the folks here never saw a piece of pumpkin pie in their lives. If there ain't ignorance for you, then I don't know. But in the holly days, it is all highly tight among the gals and boys in New York. They have a story here among the old Dutch women—though I don't believe a word on't—that an old Dutch saint named Santy Claws, or Santy Cruse, or some such twiddled name, comes into the city Christmas and New Year's night, in a waggon and four horses, loaded with presents, and drives right down the chimblies, like a poker-moon-aldie or a jacky-lantern, and leaves something for the children, who hang up their stockings in the corner to receive it. Just tell your Sally of that, and when she comes here if she'll hang up her stockings the old whipper-snapper may put something in 'em, or I will if he don't. The joke of it is, nobody ever saw this same Santy Claws, tho' there's more pictures of him on the ginger-bread cakes here, than you can shake a stick at. The Yorkers are always laughin at our Yankee notions, but I guess this beats us all hollow.

I gave you some idee of New Year's day here, last year—it was jist the same this year, only some comical differences, as I'm going to tell. In the first place the stick-up folks who tried to break up the custom of visiting, as I told you last year, hauled in their horns this year, and were glad enough to do as other folks, and so you see they kept themselves out of hot water. I guess they'd have got a serrynadin from the Kally Thumpings, if they hadn't conformed to the order of the day. One feller told me he'd got a tom cat in trainin on purpose, and he could make him waterwaul a tune like a pianer forty. I started out in the mornin and paid a feller a York shillin to black my boots superfin for the occasion—they shone like glass bottles, and the gals all looked at 'em, wherever I went, though they didn't look shiny long towards night.

There's one thing, Tim, I like this New Year's day for—you can tell pretty well by things on that day how folks have been doin since last time. If they've done well, they launch out in high style and make a great show. This was the case with Mrs. Sniggens, the grocer's wife. The old fellow got along amazingly last year, notwithstanding temperance societies, and so his bigger half let folks know it by the perfusion of her delicacies. There was ham and roast-meat, and pickled oysters, and a plum-cake as big as a cheese-bun, besides a whole row of decanters on the side-board, with tin-medals round their necks, just like infant school scholars, tellin the kinds of liker in 'em. After finishing a comfortable slice of turkey, Mrs. Sniggens axed me what I'd have to take—and so jist for a joke I told her I'd jined the temperance society. "Oh you dog, you Enoch you," says she to me, "I always had a better opinion of you than that—my man jined the temperance society, but it didn't agree with him and so he quit it." I kept on a sober face and so she didn't press me, or I might have had to take a gin-toddy with her.

The fact is, I made up my mind not to drink a drop of any thing stronger than coffee for fear of consequences. This tasting a little something here and something there, and mixed likers, is the very worst way in the world—a stronger head than Mrs. Sniggens' can't stand it, and I'd a pretty good specimen of it before night. It was about the last place I called to—I guess I went to more than a dozen—there came in three likely lookin youngsters, dressed up quite smart, and as tipsy as ever you saw fellers a fourth of July. One comes right up to me and says, "how do ye do, sir?" I never saw the feller afore, and thought it play impudent, but then I didn't like to expose him, and so told him "I was pretty well, and I guessed

that was more than he could say." He was a little huffy at this, but soon got over it, and all three on 'em began to laugh and talk and make the plagiest fools of themselves I ever saw fellers in my life. The beauty of the joke was, they each thought he'd self was the only sober one in the bunch, and so they kept gigglin at the drolleries of the other, not knowing that he was making as great a fool of himself. One sat down and began to make love to a married woman—another took a cup of coffee and turned the wine in't for milk—and the other laughed so at the mistake, that he got hold of my pocket-bankerchief for his own and crammed it down his throat, so that I begun to think I should lose it—"Hallo, Sir," cried I, "you've got my pocket-bankerchief!" "Crackee! I have!" says he, and with that he pulls his own out of his pocket and gives it to me. It was a plagy nice one—worth two of mine—and so I took it without saying a word, and made a plagy good bargain, as I guess he found out next mornin when he was sober.

It's pretty hard work, Tim, I tell you, to travel round makin these calls—I guess you'd rather drive a team every day in the week, than trot from one part of this city to tother in this way. It can't be less than a couple of long miles from down town to up town, and I had to go up there too. I got a ride most all the way, and without paying a cent for it, though they ax nine-pence for carryin in the stages, but it was a plagy tough bargain, even at that rate. You see it was capital slay in here New Year's, and the stages went on runners chock full all the time. I got into an open one, and found it pretty hard squeezing—there was four seats and three or four men on each, besides nine boys under them—and still the driver kept takin in more "to make up his load" as he said. He had only one span of horses, and they were of Paroos lean kind, I guess. Their bones stuck out like clam-shells, and their tales were all dried up to nothin. It's a brutal shame to make such poor critters work as hard as they have to. I guess our selectmen wouldn't allow such doins down East—but here you see they drive these stage-horses till they use 'em all up and there's nothin left on 'em but the legs and carcass—that's a solemn fact, as I hope to be saved. Our driver kept pilin in one on top of another till at last he met a couple of drunken Irishmen who wanted to get in too. "Gracious!" cried I, lookin out through a fellow's legs who was straddlin right over my neck and half stranglin me—"You aint goin to take them fellers in, be you?" "Guess I can," said the driver, "can't you move a little?" "Move!" cried a dozen voices—"Move!" groaned an old feller under me, "ax the under layer in a pork-barrel to move!" "Well, I must make up my load," said the driver, "if you can't move inside, I must take these gentlemen on the outside." He had two boys on with him already, and the seat was no bigger than a shoemaker's bench—but the Irishmen jumped on, one in the driver's lap and the other in his.

We dragged on in this style till we got most down to the foot of Canal street, and then I couldn't stand it no longer. By jiminy! If my back didn't ake then there'd be no snakes, that's all. The old gentleman under me began to grow restif, and said that he had an affliction of the heart which was quite painful. "More like an affliction of the back!" cried a neighbor of his in the same predicament. "Blast my dead lights!" cried one sailor to another, "this navigation in a land vessel is worse than a slave-ship." I thought it was my turn to say a word now, and I knew they were all ripe for what I was going to propose—"I say, gentlemen," says I, "this is downright imposition!" "That's a fact!" sighed the old gentleman under me. "Now gentlemen," says I, in an under tone, for faith I couldn't speak in no other, "let us tell the driver to stop, and let all of us get out and leave him without paying a cent." "Agreed—agreed!" replied one and all. "Hallo, driver," cried I, as loud as I was able, "you must stop here—I want to get out." The driver stopt, and out I tumbled and the feller on top of me, and the old gentleman under me, and so all hands of us to the number of between thirty and forty, and began to crawl off as fast as we were able. "Stop there—stop gentlemen—your passage-money—stop—stop!" cried the driver—"you aint one on you paid me!" "Nor don't mean to," cried I—"not a single one on us—we'll larn you to make up a load next time—I guess you've got load enough now!" The feller looked as mad as a march hair, and would have run after us, I guess, if he hadn't been afraid of his horses runnin away. But faith there was no danger of that, for they couldn't hardly walk, much less go

off in a smart trot. So the feller contented himself with bawling out for us to stop and pay him, and we contented ourselves with walking off without payin. We got the ride for nothin, but as Doctor Franklin said, we paid plagy deer for the whistle.

Yours, ENOCH TIMBERTOES.

From the Keepsake, for 1832.

A HIGHLAND ANECDOTE.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

The same course of reflection which led me to transmit to you the account of the death of an ancient borderer, induces me to add the particulars of a singular incident, affording a point which seems highly qualified to be illustrated by the pencil. It was suggested by the spirited engraving of the Gored Huntsman, which adorned the first number of your work, and perhaps bears too close a resemblance to the character of that print to admit of your choosing it as a subject for another. Of this you are the only competent judge.

The story is an old, but not an ancient one; the actor and sufferer was not a very aged man when I heard the anecdote in my early youth.—Duncan, for so I shall call him, had been engaged in the affair of 1746, with others of his class and was supposed by many to have been an accomplice, if not the principal actor, in a certain tragic affair, which made much noise a good many years after the rebellion. I am content with indicating this, in order to give some idea of the man's character, which was bold, fierce and enterprising. Traces of this natural disposition still remained on Duncan's very good features, and in his keen grey eye. But the limbs, like those of the aged borderer in my former tale, had become unable to serve the purposes and obey the dictates of his inclination. On the one side of his body he retained the proportions and firmness of an active mountaineer; on the other he was a disabled cripple, scarce able to limp along the streets. The cause which reduced him to this state of infirmity was singular.

Twenty years or more before I knew Duncan, he assisted his brothers in forming a large grazing in the Highlands, comprehending an extensive range of mountain and forest land, moor, lake and precipice. It chanced that a sheep or goat was missed from the flock, and Duncan, not satisfied with despatching his shepherds in one direction, went himself in quest of the fugitive in another.

In the course of his researches, he was induced to ascend a small and narrow path, leading to the top of a high precipice. Dangerous as it was at first, the road became doubly so as he advanced. It was not much more than two feet broad, so rugged and difficult, and, at the same time, so terrible, that it would have been impracticable to any but the light step and steady brain of a Highlander. The precipice on the right rose like a wall, and on the left sunk to a depth which it was giddy to look down upon; but Duncan passed cheerfully on, now whistling the Gathering of his Clan, now taking heed to his footsteps, when the difficulties of the path particularly required caution.

In this manner, he had more than half ascended the precipice, when in mid-way, and it might almost be said, in middle air, he encountered a buck of the red deer species, running down the cliff by the same path, in an opposite direction.—If Duncan had had a gun no rencontre could have been more agreeable; but as he had not this advantage over the denizen of the wilderness, the meeting was in the highest degree unwelcome. Neither party had the power of retreating, for the stag had not room to turn himself in the narrow path, and if Duncan had turned his back to go down, he knew enough of the creature's habits to be certain that he would rush upon him, while engaged in the difficulty of the retreat.—They stood therefore, perfectly still, and looked at each other in mutual embarrassment, for some space.

At length the deer, which was of the largest size, began to lower his formidable antlers, as they do when they are brought to bay, and was preparing to rush upon hound and huntsman.

Duncan saw the danger of a conflict in which he must probably come by the worst, and as a last resource stretched himself on the little ledge of rock which he occupied, and thus awaited the resolution which the deer should take, not making the least motion, for fear of alarming the wild and suspicious animal. They remained in this posture for three or four hours, in the midst of a rock which would have suited the pencil of Sal-

"The Death of the Laird's Jack," published in the Keepsake for 1829.—Ed.
† A pastoral Fable.

vator, and which afforded barely room enough for the man and the stag, opposed to each other in this extraordinary manner.

At length the buck seemed to take the resolution of passing over the obstacle which lay in his path, and with this purpose approached towards Duncan very slowly, and with excessive caution. When he came close to the Highlander, he stooped his head down as if to examine him more closely, when the devil, or the unmanly love of sport, peculiar to his country, began to overcome Duncan's fears. Seeing the animal proceed so gently, he totally forgot not only the dangers of his position, but the mutual compact which certainly might have been inferred from the circumstances of the situation. With one hand Duncan seized the deer's horns, whilst with the other he drew his dirk. But in the same instant the buck bounded over the precipice, carrying the Highlander along with him. They went thus down upwards of a hundred feet, and were found the next morning in the spot where they fell. Fortune who does not always regard retributive justice in her dispensation, ordered that the deer should fall underneath, and be killed upon the spot, while Duncan escaped with his life, but with the fracture of a leg, an arm, and three ribs. In this state he was found lying on the carcass of the deer, and the injuries which he had received rendered him for the remainder of his life the cripple I have described. I never could approve of Duncan's conduct towards the deer in a moral point of view, (although, as the man in the play said, he was my friend,) but the temptation of a hint of grease, offering as it were his throat to the knife, would have subdued the virtue of almost any deer-stalker. Whether the anecdote is worth recording, or deserving of illustration, remains for your consideration. I have given you the story exactly as I recollect it.

Dull Men.—Blessings be on dull men—I do not mean the dull men who won't talk, but the dull men who will. They are sleep's physicians—her ministers, preaching peace and sound slumbers to all men. Take an example, one of this good sort of persons sits with you at eleven, talks at you till one; you in the mean time compose yourself in your arm-chair, fit your elbows comfortably in the corners, cross your legs, mix your grog, light your cigar, and resign yourself, like a philosopher, to a late lecture. At two you have perhaps had occasion to say "Yes," thrice, "No sure?" twice or so: "Indeed!" about the same number of times; and this is all it has cost you for a soporific, which, made up of medical materials, would come to a crown at least. From two till half past two, he is himself somewhat silent, his whiffs and his words come forth like the companions of the ark, two and two; and you observe, without surprise, that he is run down. In a few minutes more he looks at his watch, and remarks that "It's time to go"—that is, he perceives that you are super-saturated with sleep; you persuade the other class; he refuses it; then you yawn your widest, beg his pardon, and bid him "good night." He goes home happy that he has been listened to with so much of deferential silence; you stumble up to your chamber with such an entire resignation to the inevitable necessity of sleep, that pulling off your clothes seems an absurd delay; and you are off in a minute to the district of dreams, and rise, next day, with no headache, and with a serenity of mind which is unknown to the lovers of clubs and such like noisy congregations of men. But for the senseless prejudices of mankind, such a man as I have described would be "taken" as willingly as we take spring physic, and courted, not cut; for a

"Blessing goes with him whereso'er he goes."
—the blessing of sleep.—*Lon. New Monthly.*

"Independent as a Wood-sawyer," is a common expression, of the import of which a citizen, a few days since, had a very satisfactory explanation. A correspondent who flatter us, by saying that "there is cheating in all trades but ours," informs us that a merchant having purchased a load of country wood, in which there was a fair proportion of logs and a tolerable quantity of cat-sticks, employed the "hanger-on-man," of the horse and saw, to saw the wood and throw it into the cellar. The bargain concluded, the merchant went about his business. Returning to his dinner, he "dropt into" the cellar to survey his wood-pile; when to his no little surprise and mortification, he found that the faithful fellow had thrown down the large logs whole, sprinkled them over with saved cat-sticks, received his pay of the mistress of the house, and made off—wondering, no doubt, what the gentleman would say, when he discovered that the back-logs were too long for his fire-place.

MISCELLANY.

BONNIE JEANIE GRAY.

O, what was ye so late yestreen,
My Bonnie Jeanie Gray?
Our mither missed ye, late at e'en,
And eke at break o' day,
Your mither lookit sour an' sad,
Your father dull an' wae;
O, what was ye so late yestreen,
My Bonnie Jeanie Gray?

Dear sister, sit ye down by me,
An' let me bode ken;
For I ha'e promised, late yestreen,
To wed young Jamie Glen.
The mellow tear stood in his e'e—
What heart could say him nay,
As aft he vowed—through life I'm thine,
My Bonnie Jeanie Gray? W. Paul.

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

The expiration of the Lottery system in England has afforded scope to the writer of a truly characteristic story. The lottery argument will pass for its value—but the lottery exemplification admits of no dispute. The adage has long affirmed that matrimony belonged to this class of hazards. The proof is now at hand.—Atlas.

"That once fruitful source of pleasing though delusive hopes, the Lottery, is now no more. A despotic act of parliament has given the death-blow to thousands of happy pictures of the imagination, that were hitherto wont to amuse, for a time at least, those earnest suitors of Fortune, who, if they did not actually enjoy her smiles, flattered themselves that they were on the high road to her favors. A stern moralist, indeed, may expatiate on the baneful influence of Lotteries, not only as a species of gambling, but as tending to cherish expectations, which, in a fearful majority of cases, must terminate in disappointment. Yet the very same persons scruple not to hold out as incentives to good conduct, examples of success, that must create hopes equally deceptive. The apprentice is taught to cherish the idea, that however humble his fortune, he may one day become Lord Mayor; the middleman is excited to emulation by the example of Nelson, and told that he ought not to despair of rising to the highest honors in his profession; and whatever be the career in which the youthful adventurer starts for fortune or for fame, it is considered not merely pardonable, but meritorious in him to propose to himself the attainment of the greatest prize it has to bestow. There is a Russian proverb which says, 'He is a bad soldier that does not expect to become a general;' yet were a whole army to consist of individuals combining the talents of an Alexander, a Caesar, and a Napoleon, it would be as impossible that all should be commanders, as that in a Lottery every speculator should gain the grand prize.

But the "Lucky Corner" is gone; or, rather, the identical house stands there, yet it no longer concurs up, in the passers-by, dreams of sudden affluence, and of hoards of gold. There at the forked triple way, Fortune seemed with open arms to invite all who approached the spot, pointing with one hand to the Bank, and with the other to the wealthy Lombard land. The Lottery, too, whatever may be alleged against it in other respects, must be admitted to have frequently furnished an expedient to the novelist and dramatist, and enabled them to extricate a hero from poverty and raise him at once to affluence, without killing a distant relative, or bringing an old uncle from India. A Lottery ticket has, also, without doubt, given rise to many a strange incident, and it is hoped that the one I am now about to relate will not be found wholly unamusing.

Mr. Richard Fogrum, or, as his old acquaintance would more familiarly than respectfully designate him, Dick Fogrum, or, as he was sometimes styled on the superscription of a letter from a tradesman or poor relation, Richard Fogrum, Esq., had for some years retired from business, although he had not yet passed what is called the middle age; and, turning his back on his shop where he had made, if not a considerable fortune, at least a handsome competency, rented a small house at Hackney, or, as he was pleased to term it, in the country. His establishment united a due attention to comfort, with economy and prudence. Beside a kitchen-maid and an occasional char-woman or errand boy, Mr. Fogrum possessed, in the person of the trusty Sally Sadlins, an excellent superintendent of his little menage. Sally was not exactly *gouvernante* or housekeeper, at least she assumed none of the dignity attached to such a post; she seemed indeed hardly to have a will, or opinion of her own, but had so insensibly accommodated herself to her employer's ways and humors, that by degrees the apparent distance between master and servant diminished, and as Sally, though far from talkative herself, was a good listener, Mr. Fogrum began to find a pleasure in relating to her all the little news and anecdotes he usually picked up in his daily walk.

Let it not, however, be supposed that there was anything equivocal in the kind of unconscious courtesy which existed between these two personages; a single glance at Sally would have convinced the most ingenious fabricator of scandal, and dealer in innuendoes, that there was no foundation on which to build even the slightest surmise of the kind, for both Sally's person and face were to her a shield that would have rebuffed any notion of the sort. Alas! that Nature, so extolled by every poet for her impartiality, should

be at times so capricious in her favors, and bestow her gifts so grudgingly, even on those whose very sex entitles them to be considered fair! "Kind goddess," as Will of Avon styles thee, surely thou didst in this instance, behave most unfairly, bestowing on Sally Sadlins an elevation of figure that, had she been of the other sex, might have raised her to the rank of a corporal of grenadiers. Yet, if thou gavest her an aspiring stature, thou gavest her no aspiring thoughts; and if thou didst deny to her softness of person, fortunately for her peace, thou didst not gift her with the least susceptibility of heart. If Sally was not *lovable*, there was no woman on earth who could possibly have regretted it less. Indeed, I may safely aver, the idea of love never for an instant entered her head, much less had a single twinge of it ever touched her heart. She had heard people talk of love; and she supposed—if indeed she ever bestowed a thought on the subject—that there must be something in the world so called, otherwise people would not have invented a name for it; but she could no more pretend to say what it was, than to describe the ingredients of the air she breathed: in short, Sally was the most guileless, simple, and disinterested of mortals that ever entered beneath the roof of a single gentleman, to be the first servant where there was no mistress.

Well, therefore, might Mrs. Thoms, who was aware that elderly gentlemen in her "dear" uncle's situation, are not always gifted with that discretion that becometh their years, but sometimes commit themselves to wedlock, in an unwary moment, to the no small prejudice of their affectionate relatives—well, I say, might the prudent Mrs. Thoms congratulate herself on having found such a treasure, so invaluable a jewel, as Sally Sadlins. She was certain that from this quarter, at least, there was nothing to be apprehended—nothing to intercept her "dear" uncle's three per cents, from what she considered the legitimate object of their destination. Some alarm, indeed, had been excited in her mind, by hearing that Mr. Fogrum had been seen rather frequently of late knocking at the door of Mrs. Simpson; but then again she thought that he could not possibly be led by any other motive than that of chatting away an hour with the widow of an old friend; beside, this lady was not likely, either to lead, or to be led, into matrimony. In her younger days Mrs. Simpson might have been pretty, but none of her acquaintance could recollect when. She still patched; yet the patch was applied not where coquetry would have placed it, but where necessity dictated, namely, over the left eye. Mrs. Thoms therefore consoled herself with the reflection, that it was better her uncle should knock at Mrs. Simpson's door than at that of a more attractive fair one.—No! her uncle, she was perfectly satisfied, would never marry.

"What have you got there, Sally?" said Mr. Fogrum to his housekeeper, one day, as she drew something from her pocket, while standing before the side-board opposite to him. "An't please your honor, Sir," replied Sally, in a meek, but no very gentle voice, "it's a bit o' summat I was goin' to show you. You know, Sir, my uncle Tim took leave of me yesterday, before he goes to sea again, and so he gave me this paper, which he says may chance turn up trumps, and make me comfortable for life."

"Well, let me see what it is, Sally—is it the old fellow's will? Hum!—why, Sally, this is a Lottery ticket! a whole Lottery ticket; yet I will venture to say, not worth more than the rag of paper 'tis printed on. I have myself tried the Lottery, times and often, ere now, and never got anything but—disappointment. 'A blank, Sir, a blank!—that was the only answer I ever obtained from them. What could possibly induce your uncle to lay out his cash in so foolish a manner? 'Tis never worth either keeping or thinking about. No, 123, confound it! I know it well, I once purchased a share of it myself—the very first I ever bought, when I was quite a lad; and well do I recollect that I chose it out of a whole heap, and thought myself very fortunate in obtaining one with such a sequence of figures—one, two, three."

Most comically did Sally take the ticket again, not at all disconcerted at this denunciation of ill luck, but on the contrary, with a calmness worthy of a stoic. "Tis true she did not, like Patience, the monument, absolutely smile at grief; but then, Sally never smiled, nor would a smile perhaps, if the rigidity of her face would have permitted such a relaxation of its muscles, have tended greatly to heighten the attractions of her countenance.

Her master in the meanwhile continued eating and wondering, and wondering and eating, until he could neither eat nor wonder more; but dismissing Sally with the dinner things, turned himself quietly to the fire, and took his pipe.

Mrs. Thoms was sitting one morning cogitating on some mischief that she again began to apprehend from the Widow Simpson, in consequence of certain intelligence she had the day before received, respecting that lady's designs upon the person of her uncle, when she was suddenly startled from her reverie by a loud rapping at the door, and instantly afterwards who should enter the parlour, but the very subject of her meditations—Mrs. Simpson herself.

The appearance of so unusual a visitor would alone have sufficed to surprise her; but there was something in the good lady's manner and countenance, that denoted she came upon a very important errand.

"Why, Mrs. Thoms," exclaimed she, almost breathless, as soon as she entered, "have you heard?—your uncle—"

"Good heavens," cried Mrs. Thoms, "what do you

mean?—what has happened?—my poor dear uncle—ill—dying!"

"Compose yourself, Mrs. Thoms—not dying—but I thought you might have heard!"

"Heard what?—some accident, I suppose?—poor dear man!"

"No; no accident," returned the widow, who by this time had somewhat recovered her breath; "but something very strange—most unaccountable. What you may think of it, I know not, but for my part I think that Mr. Fogrum has acted—I shall not say how."

"And pray, Ma'am," said Mrs. Thoms, who now began to think that it was some quarrel between them, of which the widow came to inform her, "what has Mr. Fogrum done, that you should come in this strange manner, and make so great a fuss about it? It is some nonsense, after all, I dare say."

"Nonsense, forsooth!—well, I declare!—however, it certainly is no business of mine Ma'am," returned Mrs. Simpson, quite nettled at her reception; "and as I suppose you know what has taken place, and approve of it, I have nothing further to say."

Mrs. Thoms now became unaffectedly alarmed, and apprehending she knew not what, requested to be informed what had happened, without further delay.

"Why Ma'am, then, Mr. Fogrum is—married that's all."

To describe the effect these words had upon Mrs. Thoms, would be impossible, and to paint the expression of her countenance, equally unavailing.

"Married!" screamed she out, at length, as soon as she could draw her breath, "Married!—impossible!—to whom?"

"To whom?—to Sally Sadlins, Ma'am."

"To Sally Sadlins!—impossible—you must be joking."

"Not I, I assure you. I am not a person, Mrs. Thoms, to make such jokes. I myself saw them, less than an hour ago, pass by my window in a post-chaise together, and then learnt the whole story from those who saw them step into it, at the church door."

"Oh! Mrs. Simpson, how have I been deceived in that insinuating hussy, Sally Sadlins! She who seemed so staid, so discreet—so very unlikely a person—What an old fool he must be to marry so vulgar a frump!"

"Nay, do not agitate yourself, my dear Ma'am," said Mrs. Simpson, who, now having disburthened herself of her secret, and her own mortification being perhaps carried off by that of Mrs. Thoms, which acted as a conductor to it, had quite regained her composure—"for my part, I hope he may not repent of his match."

"Oh! Thoms," exclaimed the other lady as her husband entered the room, "here is news for us!—my silly old uncle has actually, this very morning, married his maid-servant."

"That is most confoundedly unlucky," cried Thoms, "though I much doubted whether all your management and manoeuvring, for which you gave your self so much credit, would beto any purpose."

"But who could dream of such a thing!—I have no patience with him for having married as he has done."

"Well, my dear, there's no helping it; and perhaps, after all, since he is married, it is quite as well for us that he has chosen as he has."

While Mrs. Thoms was ejaculating and bewailing—now abusing poor Sally as an artful seducing woman, who, under the mask of the greatest simplicity, had contrived to work upon her uncle's weakness—and anon venting her approaches against the latter for suffering himself to be thus duped—a post-chaise was seen rolling along on the road to— with the identical pair seated to it, who were the subject of this invective and clamour. The intelligence of which Mrs. Simpson had been the unwelcome messenger, was, in fact, correct in every particular: for Richard Fogrum, single man, and Sally Sadlins, spinster, had that very morning been lawfully united in wedlock, although, but a very few days before, had any one prognosticated such an event, they would no more have believed it possible than Mrs. Thoms herself.

"Now, my dear Sally," said the somewhat stale Benedict, laying his hand, rather gently than amorously, on that of the bride, for which, by the bye, it was really no match in size—"I doubt not but my niece will be in a towering passion when she hears of this; however no matter; let her, and the rest of the world say what they please. I do not see why a man may not just as well follow his own fancies as those of other persons." Beside, Sally, though folks may think that I might have made a more advantageous match, in point of fortune at least, they may perhaps be in error. I have a piece of intelligence to communicate, of which, perhaps, you little dream. You recollect that Lottery ticket?—well! passing the 'Lucky Corner,' by the Mansion-House, two days ago, I beheld, pasted up at the window, 'No. 123, £20,000!' Ha! ha! Sally; well did I recollect those figures again—one, two, three! they follow each other as naturally as A, B, C. So home I came, but determined to say nothing of the matter till now."

The reader has already been informed that Sally was the most phlegmatic of her sex: still it may be supposed that such an interesting disclosure would have elicited some ejaculation of exultation, even from the lips of a stoic. Yet Sally, with wonderful composure, merely replied, "La! now that is curious."

"Curious! yes, but I assure you it is quite true; I am not joking."

"Well; what an odd turn things do sometimes take!"

"Odd, indeed! for who would have thought that my identical unlucky number, 123, should bring you—I may say us, Sally—twenty thousand pounds!"

"But, Sir, Mr. Fogrum, you are mistaken, I mean to say—"

"No mistake at all, my dear—quite certain of it—took down the number in my pocket-book—see here—123, £20,000; Is not that number of your ticket?"

"Yes, but?"

"But, what?"

"Why, you won't hear me, Mr. Fogrum," said Sally, mildly, "I was only going to say, that two months ago—I sold the ticket."

"How!—what!—sold!" groaned out poor Fogrum, and sunk gasping against the side of the chaise.

"Now pray don't distress yourself, Mr. Fogrum," said Sally, without the least visible emotion, or any change in her tone; "did you not, yourself, tell me it was not worth keeping; so I thought—well, Master must know better about the matter than I, therefore I may as well make something of it while I can; so I changed it away for this nice white shawl, which the man said was quite a bargain—only do feel how fine it is!"

"Sally!—woman!—a bargain!—twenty thousand pounds!"

Here let me drop the curtain, for none but a master-hand could do justice to the bridegroom's feelings, and I will not impair the effect by attempting to brighten it. I have only to add, that Mr. Fogrum eventually regained his usual composure, and was once known even to relate the story himself over a glass of his best whiskey, as a droll anecdote in his life.

Matrimony made no visible alteration in his menage, nor in his bride, for the only difference it caused with respect to the latter, was, that she sat at table instead of standing by the side-board,—that she was now called Mrs. Fogrum, instead of Sally Sadlins.

CATHOLIC BURIAL RITES.

A late Buenos Ayres paper gives the following account of a singular affair.

THE LATE ENO. CHAMBERLAIN, Esq.—[This gentleman was a native of London, and before his decease one of the Mercantile house of Bertram, Chambers & Co. He died on the 20th of October. The statements which follow are dated on the 29th.]

An unpleasant controversy has arisen respecting the disposal of the remains of the above-mentioned gentleman. It was intended that the funeral should have taken place on the 22nd inst., at the Protestant Burial Ground, and every preparation was made to that effect. The Authorities of the country, however, would not permit it, upon the plea that the deceased was a Roman Catholic, and having died in that persuasion, the rigid laws of that church demanded that his remains should be interred in consecrated Catholic ground. The widow and friends of the deceased combated this opinion, by stating that the deceased had particularly expressed his desire to be buried in the Protestant Cemetery, and as near as possible to his friend the late Hon. I. M. Forbes, (Charge d'Affaires from the United States to this Republic.) An appeal was made to the British authorities here, on the ground that the refusal to allow the corpse to be deposited according to the expressed wish of the deceased, was an infraction of the 12th article of the existing treaty between the two Governments; a correspondence upon the subject, we believe, has taken place between the Government and the British Minister (Mr. Fox,) but hitherto without any decisive results. The body remains at the *quinta de Passo*, inclosed in a leaden coffin, and is under the surveillance of the police.

The following is a copy of the 12th article of the treaty between Great Britain and this Republic signed in Buenos Ayres on the 2nd February, 1825—and ratified in London on the 10th May, 1825.

"The subjects of H. B. Majesty residing in the United Provinces of Rio de la Plata, shall not be disturbed, persecuted, or annoyed on account of their religion; but they shall have perfect liberty of conscience therein, and to celebrate Divine Service either within their own private houses, or in their own particular Churches and Chapels, which they shall be at liberty to build and maintain in convenient places, approved of by the Government of the said United Provinces. Liberty shall also be granted to bury the subjects of H. B. Majesty, who may die in the territories of the said U. Provinces, in their own burial places, which in the same manner they may freely establish and maintain. In the like manner, the citizens of the said U. Provinces shall enjoy, within all the dominions of H. B. Majesty, a perfect and unrestrained liberty of conscience, and of exercising their religion publicly or privately, within their own dwelling houses, or in the Chapels and places appointed for that purpose, agreeable to the system of toleration established in the dominions of His said Majesty."

The Rev. P. J. O'Gorman has published the following documents, in answer to the strong rumors about that he had improperly interfered and caused the present dispute.

TO THE PUBLIC.—As an impression of an illiberal tendency appears to attach to the measure of the suspension of interring the remains of the late A. C. M.

bers, Esq. of good memory, in the Protestant Cemetery of this city, I beg merely to observe, that having been chosen and specially commissioned by his Grace the most Rev. Dr. Murray, Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, and Primate of Ireland; to serve the Irish Catholics in Buenos Ayres, and in their native tongue minister to their spiritual necessities, and being received and admitted by the Ecclesiastical authorities of this country to act in this capacity; I have from time to time administered the consolation of our holy religion to Mr. Chambers, who was a Catholic, without consulting the removal from the calle 25 de Mayo to the quinta de Passo, where he died. On the day of his decease I was solicited to attend his remains to the Protestant Cemetery; but subject as I am to the Ecclesiastical discipline of the country, which prohibits the interment of Catholics with Protestants, I could not, without a breach of that discipline, comply with the wishes of the respectable widow of the deceased, to inter the body in the Protestant Cemetery, however I may have personally felt on the occasion, without consulting the Bishops. I have accordingly done so, and as my lawful superior, have committed the matter to his superior direction. And now I ask any impartial man, in thus complying with my duty, how far I have left myself open to public censure, or responsible for the results of this transaction?

P. J. O'GORMAN, Chaplain to the Irish Roman Catholics in Buenos Ayres.
Buenos Ayres, 25th October, 1831.

With regret I again feel obliged to address the public through the medium of the papers, to correct an erroneous impression, that my services to the late Edward Chambers, Esq. whose excellent parts and social worth will be duly appreciated by all who knew him, were repaid by a pecuniary compensation. I beg leave to state, the assertion is unfounded. I am convinced, in defiance of clamorous assertions, there is no intelligent, honorable person, who can, with the shadow of justice, censure the line of conduct already put forth, which I have pursued in the discharge of my duty. Those who are so willing to blame me for not compromising my Ministerial functions with their particular views, are surely not informed of the obligations of a Minister of the Catholic Church, and the consequences of any departure from the path of duty; else, I am assured, instead of blame they would deal out fair measure. Should clamour still persist in violent declamation against me, for adhering to the straightforward path of duty, and from which I am determined never to depart; I beg to state my determination to take no further notice of any assertion, until such persons publicly come forward to substantiate their imputations.

P. J. O'GORMAN.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

In a notice of a recent tour in England, Ireland, and France, in the years 1828, 1829; with remarks on the manners and customs of the inhabitants, and anecdotes of distinguished public characters—by Prince Muskau of Prussia, we find an account of his Highness' visit to the distinguished Irish leader, O'Connell, which will be read with interest.—*Atlas*

"As we happen to be upon personals, we may as well skip a half volume, and give the author's account of a visit to O'Connell, whose castle he reached after a ride from Kermare, which amply justified his quotation from Crofton Croker, that 'no land is better than the coast of Inveragh to be drowned in the sea; or, if you like that better, to break your neck on shore.' His graphic detail of his perils is very amusing; but we hasten to their end at Derrinane, when 'At length—at length a bright light broke through the darkness; the road grew more even; here and there a bit of hedge was visible; and in a few minutes we stopped at the gate of an ancient building on a rocky shore, from the windows of which a friendly golden radiance streamed through the night. The lower clock was striking eleven, and I was, I confess, somewhat anxious as to my dinner; especially as I saw no living being, except a man in a dressing-gown at an upper window. Soon, however, I heard sounds in the house; a handsomely dressed servant appeared, bearing silver candlesticks, and opened the door of a room, in which I saw with astonishment a company of from fifteen to twenty persons sitting at a long table, on which were placed wine and dessert. A tall, handsome man, of cheerful and agreeable aspect, rose to receive me, apologised for having given me up in consequence of the lateness of the hour, regretted that I had made such a journey in such terrible weather, presented me in a cursory manner to his family, who formed the majority of the company, and then conducted me to my bed-room. This was the great O'Connell. On my return to the dining-room I found the greater part of the company there assembled. I was most hospitably entertained; and it would be ungrateful not to make honourable mention of Mr. O'Connell's old and capital wine. As soon as the ladies had quitted us, he drew his seat near me, and Ireland was of course the subject of our conversation. He asked me if I had yet seen many of the curiosities of Ireland? whether I had been at the Giant's Causeway? 'No,' replied I, laughing; 'before I visit the Giant's Causeway, I wished to see Ireland's Giants;' and therewith drank a glass of claret to his high undertakings. Daniel O'Connell is indeed no common man—though the man of the commonality. His power is so great, that at this moment it only depends on him to raise the standard of rebellion from one end of the Island to the other. He is, however, too sharp-sighted, and much too sure of attaining his end by safe

means, to wish to bring on any such violent crisis. He has certainly shown great dexterity in availing himself of the temper of the country at this moment, legally, openly, and in the face of the government, to acquire a power scarcely inferior to that of the sovereign; indeed, though without arms or armies, in some instances far surpassing it:—for how would it have been possible for His Majesty George IV. to withhold 10,000 of his faithful Irishmen for three days from whiskey-drinking? which O'Connell actually accomplished in the memorable Clare election. The enthusiasm of the people rose to such a height, that they themselves, decreed and inflicted a punishment for drunkenness. The delinquent was thrown into a certain part of the river, and held there for two hours, during which time he was made to undergo frequent submersions. The next day I had fuller opportunity of observing O'Connell. On the whole, he exceeded my expectations. His exterior is attractive; and the expression of intelligent good nature, united with determination and prudence, which marks his countenance, is extremely winning. He has, perhaps, more of persuasiveness than of genuine, large, and lofty eloquence; and one frequently perceives too much design and manner in his words. Nevertheless it is impossible not to follow his powerful arguments with interest, to view the martial dignity of his carriage without pleasure, or to refrain from laughing at his wit. It is very certain that he looks much more like a general of Napoleon's than a Dublin advocate. This resemblance is rendered much more striking by the perfection with which he speaks French—having been educated at the Jesuit's Colleges at Douai and St. Omer. His family is old, and was probably one of the great families of the land. His friends, indeed, maintain that he springs from the ancient kings of Kerry—an opinion which no doubt adds to the reverence with which he is regarded by the people. He himself told me—and not without a certain pretension—that one of his cousins was Comte O'Connell, and 'ordon rouge' in France, and another a baron, general, and chamberlain to the Emperor of Austria; but that he was the head of the family. It appeared to me that he was regarded by the other members of it with almost religious enthusiasm. He is about fifty years old, and in excellent preservation, though his youth was rather wild and riotous. Among other things he became notorious, about ten years ago, for a duel he fought. The Protestants, to whom his talents early made him formidable, set on a certain Desterre, a bully and fighter by profession, to ride through all the streets of Dublin with a hunting-whip, which, as he declared, he intended to lay on the shoulders of the king of Kerry. The natural consequence was a meeting the next morning, in which O'Connell lodged a bullet in Desterre's heart; Desterre's shot went through his hat. This was his first victory over the Orangemen, which has been followed by so many more important, and it is to be hoped, will be followed by others more important still. His desire for celebrity seemed to me boundless; and if he should succeed in obtaining emancipation, of which I have no doubt, his career, so far from being closed, will, I think, only then properly begin. But the evils of Ireland, and of the constitution of Great Britain generally, lie too deep to be removed by emancipation. To return to O'Connell; I must mention that he has received from nature an invaluable gift for a party-leader; a magnificent voice, united to good lungs and strong constitution. His understanding is sharp and quick, and his acquirements out of his profession not inconsiderable. With all this, his manners are, as I have said, winning and popular: although somewhat of the actor is perceivable in them, they do not conceal his very high opinion of himself, and are occasionally tinged by what an Englishman would call 'vulgarity.' Where is there a picture entirely without shade?—Another interesting man, the real, though not ostensible head of the Catholics, was present, Father L'Estrange, a friar, and O'Connell's confessor. He may be regarded as the real founder of that Catholic Association so often denied in England, but which, by merely negative powers, by dexterous activity in secret, and by universal organizing and training the people to one determination, attained a power over them as boundless as that of the hierarchy in the middle ages; with this difference, that the former strove for light and liberty, the latter for darkness and slavery. This is another outbreak of that second great revolution, which, solely by intellectual means, without any admixture of physical force, is advancing to its accomplishment, and whose simple but resistless weapons are public discussion and the press. L'Estrange is a man of philosophical mind and unalterable calmness. His manners are those of an accomplished gentleman, who has traversed Europe in various capacities, has a thorough knowledge of mankind, and, with all his mildness, cannot always conceal the sharp traces of great astuteness. I should call him the ideal of a well-intentioned Jesuit. As O'Connell was busy, I took an early walk with the friar to a desert island, to which we crossed dry-footed over the smooth sand now left by the ebb. Here stand the genuine ruins of Derrinane Abbey, to which O'Connell's house is only an appendage. It is to be repaired by the family, probably when some of their hopes are fulfilled. On our return we found O'Connell on the terrace of his castle, like a chieftain surrounded by his vassals, and by groups of the neighbouring peasantry, who came to receive his instructions, or to whom he laid down the law. This he can the more easily do, being a lawyer; but nobody would dare to appeal from his decisions; O'Connell

and the Pope are here equally infallible. Law-suits therefore do not exist within his empire; and this extends not only over his own tenantry, but I believe over the whole neighbourhood. I wondered, when I afterwards found both O'Connell and L'Estrange entirely free from religious bigotry, and even remarked in them very tolerant and philosophical views, though they persisted in choosing to continue true Catholics."

From the Boston Galaxy.

We republish some beautiful verses which appeared in an English Magazine, twelve years ago. They were written in the church yard of Richmond, Yorkshire by Herbert Knowles, "a youth who was soon afterwards laid in the grave himself." "His life," says the writer of his brief memoir, "had been eventful and unfortunate till his extraordinary merits were discovered by persons capable of appreciating, and willing and able to assist him. He was then placed under a kind and able instructor, and arrangements had been made for supporting him at the University; but he had not enjoyed that prospect many weeks before it pleased God to remove him to a better world." The reader will remember that they are the verses of a school boy, who had not long been taken from one of the lowest stations in life, and he will then judge what might have been expected from one who was capable of writing with such strength and originality upon the tritest of all subjects.

"It is good for us to be here: if thou wilt, let us make here three Tabernacles, one for Thee and one for Moses, and one for Elias."—*Matthew*, xvii. 4.

Metaphysics it is good to be here,
If thou wilt, let us build: but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear,
But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom,
The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Oh, no!
Affrighted he shrinketh away:
For see, they would pin him below,
In a small narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah, no! she forgets
The charms which she wielded before;
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin which but yesterday fools could adore
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
The trappings which dizen the proud?
Alas! they are all laid aside:
And here neither dress nor adornment allowed,
But the long winding sheet, and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? Alas! 'tis in vain,
Who hid, in their turns have been hid:
The treasures are squandered again,
And here in the grave are all metals forbid
But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford?
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board,
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah, no! they have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above.
Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow? The dead cannot grieve.
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
Which compassion itself could relieve?
Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, nor fear,
Peace, peace is the watch-word, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah, no! For his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow.
Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise!
The second to Faith, which ensures it fulfilled;
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when he rose to the skies.

A LAW SUIT.

Lancelot Latherwell was the only barber in his village; a man of no small importance in his own opinion, as well as in fact, seeing that he was familiar with all the heads of the place. The chief instrument of his power, however, was his razor, a sceptre which he wielded somewhat absolutely perhaps, but uniformly with regard to the welfare of his subjects, who were rather numerous, and consisted of such as were unable to shave themselves.

Latherwell, like a humane general, pursued his vocation with as little bloodshed as possible; indeed, he was wont to boast, that since the days of his

apprenticeship, he had drawn the purple stream but once, and that on the following occasion:—One hot morning while Lant was exercising his tonsorial functions upon a wealthy farmer, a short horned bull, doubtless with a view of exciting the hair dresser's emulation, thrust through the open window a head as nicely curled, and perhaps, as sensible, as the most fashionable hero's patrons. Not succeeding in immediately attracting attention, the animal addressed itself to Lant's ear, with an effect which had nearly proved fatal to that of his customer; for the operator, who had a mortal dread of horned cattle, and of the squire's bull in particular, was so startled at the roar and the apparition, that, with an involuntary flourish of his razor, he had well nigh cropped the farmer as close as any terrier in the village.

The farmer, who had, in truth, sustained but little injury, started up in Lant's tabe cloth, in which, preparatory to the operation, he had been enveloped, and rushed into the street, like the ghost of Banquo, bleeding and breathing vengeance, and sprang adoring consternation as he went. The whole village was in an uproar, and a variety of contradictory reports as to the cause of the catastrophe were current. The most generally received account, however, not only stated that the barber had attacked the agriculturist, "with intent to do him some grievous bodily harm," but was exceedingly circumstantial as to the origin of their quarrel. "The farmer," said rumor, "having a great dread of baldness, as indicative of age, had inquired of Lant, if he did not think his hair was grown thicker? To which the other replied, No, but that he thought his head was; and by way of a crowning climax, recommended him to select some public charity to which to leave his wealth, for that he certainly would die without a hair. Thereupon, the farmer, taking advantage of Lant's convenient position, had kicked his shins with his iron tipped half boots; and that the barber had retaliated by shaving off his customer's ear at a stroke."

Meanwhile the farmer, not satisfied with having the injury dressed by a surgeon, repaired to his attorney to get it re-dressed. Lawyers and prize fighters are the only persons on earth who profit by black eyes and bloody noses. The pettifogger in question owed the distinction of being the most respectable solicitor in the village, to the circumstance of his being the only one in it. He told the farmer that he had been shamefully, scandalously, barbarously used. The lawyer lied of course, and said an action would lie also, and therein he lied again.

An action, however, was brought at the next assizes, which arrived almost before Lant had recovered from the consternation into which the notice of the proceedings had thrown him. On the morning previous to the day on which the cause was expected to come on, the shaver was called upon for a cast of his office by a gentleman of some consequence in the neighborhood, who, observing our hero to be unusually depressed and eliciting the source of his uneasiness, despatched him, instantly, to the assize town with a letter to a barrister, explaining the case, and soliciting his good offices on the occasion.

The barrister, struck by the whimsicality of the circumstances, returned Latherwell his fee, and told him he would plead his cause for "the love of the thing."

The trial came on before a jury whose countenances alone would have qualified them as members of a club of 'Odd Fellows.' The plaintiff's counsel commenced with a disquisition on ears, touched upon the sensitiveness of Friscian's and alluded to those of Dionysius, who as would doubtless, he said, be in the classical recollections of the jury, had three ears, though two only of them, he humorously added were pairs. Having considered the subject morally, physically, and anatomically, he took another field, and dwelt upon the value of ears to farmers in particular, maintaining that they could not get their bread without them. He next referred to asses' ears, and concluded by such a stentorian appeal to those of the jury, that every man of them had as just ground of action against the counsel, as the farmer had against the barber.

The witnesses for the plaintiff having been examined, and cross examined the defendant's counsel rose, and expressed his concern that it was not in his power to produce the only witness of the affair in which the action had originated, namely, the bull; but that the truth was, he could find none who would undertake to serve the supena personally, and that, pending the consultation of authorities as to whether flinging it over the hedge of his pasture would be legal service, the bull had unfortunately changed his name, and became beef. 'But this gentleman of the jury,' he continued, 'is a circumstance which I am led to regret less on my client's account, than on my learned brother's on the opposite side whom, as he has indulged us with an Irish bull, I should have been gratified in introducing to an English one.'

Gentlemen of the jury, my case lies in a nutshell, and I want no other evidence than that which the plaintiff has kindly furnished me to prove it. Two of his witnesses have sworn that

he is quite deaf of one ear, of which, he alleges the defendant had nearly deprived him.

Now, gentlemen of the jury, I contend, that had my client actually sliced off the plaintiff's ear, and put in his breeches pocket, I should be entitled to a verdict; for, what amount of damages would you award to a man for the loss of that which he himself has proved to be utterly useless to him?

The counsel paused for a moment to observe the effect of his appeal to the jury, the foreman of which, after kicking three or four of his neighbors out of the land of dreams, stated that he had taken the senses of his colleagues, (which was very probable, since they appeared to have none left,) and would not trouble the learned gentleman to proceed, his last argument being conclusive. A verdict for the defendant was accordingly delivered, and the barber returned triumphant to his village.—(The Humorist.)

A clergyman in the west of England being supposed at the point of death, a neighboring brother, who had some interest with his patron, applied for the next presentation; upon which the former, who soon after recovered, upbraided him with the breach of friendship, and said he wanted his death. "No, no, doctor," says the other, "you go to mistake me; it was your living I wanted."

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 14, 1833.

ARTICLES FOR BUYING AND BURNING ANTHRACITE COAL.

Deceit into Verse.

The kinds are various: from different mines they come, Schuylkill, Lehigh, and Lackawanna.

You who would buy, beware of cheating. Not that a man, because he deals in coals, Has ever a soul the darker for his trade; But there are dealers in all sorts of goods, Who show a strange desire to rid themselves, With all convenient haste, of a bad article.

Now as regard to coals, 'tis not anthracite, Would you distinguish 'twixt the good and bad, Examine well their various characters, External and internal—all the marks Of fracture, texture, hue, and countenance.

Where'er you meet the dark and glossy hue, With ever and anon a changeful tint, From black to green, from green to varying red, According as the light from different points Upon its surface falls; look twice—nay, thrice Upon that sort of coal, before you buy. 'Tis not a fair outside; 'tis not the face, That's most attractive to th' unpractised eye, That indicates the greater warmth of heart.

However, decide not yet; but further test And closer give: for as you crack a nut, Almond or cocoa, walnut or pecan, So must you likewise crack each mass of coal. Then note the fracture well. If it doth break With surface crude, and having many points; Or show a heart with intermingled slate, Or ought of stony mixture, hard and rough; Or, brittle, into thousand pieces flies; Reject it promptly—look not on it twice.

Would you by color choose, mark what I say: The coal of pale-black hue, and lustre dim, Nought varying with the change of light, is best. Would you by surface choose, select the smooth And regular. But if on texture most You would depend, the softer kind is best, That breaks not rough, nor into atoms flies.

But as the pudding's proof in eating is, So in the burning is the fuel's test. If then perchance these rules of buying have Unheeded past, the fire must try the coals.

If they from morn to night in kindling take; Or if, to make them burn require more wood, Of oak or pine; or coals from charring made; Or else bituminous, from Liverpool Or Nova Scotia brought; than would suffice To burn alone: then may you straight conclude Your anthracite is bad—your bargain bad— And look the sharper out, when next you buy.

Again, if, when your coals ignited are, They rise no flame but what is faint and blue, And sometimes with a small sulphurous charged: Conclude they're bad, and fit for fuel there, And there alone where brimstone most is used. Or if with ashes white the pan is strewed; Or from the coals, when fire is first applied, With angry snapping, constant scales fly off, And spread the carpet o'er, the tidy wife Provoking sharp: conclude your bargain's bad, And of such truck, resolve to buy no more.

But if your coals a quick ignition take; And, being lighted, show a lambent flame, Of yellow, orange, or rose-colored tint, Still playing calm and gentle o'er the surface, Like smiles upon the cheerful face serene; And if the ashes prove, instead of white, A reddish brown; soft, fine, impalpable; And if the fire, once lit, continue long, Glowing and lively, sending forth the heat: The coal is good, and fit to warm the hearths Of honest men. Make haste to purchase more, If more there be, and you are not supplied.

But coals, even of the best, are valueless Without the needful skill in burning them. 'Tis all in knowing how, and using well That which you know. A man of careless turn, Who leaves an open door on winter's day, Or on the floor his hat or coat doth hang When there's a peg in sight; a slipshod dame, Who never puts herself or house to rights: These, and the like, should eschew anthracite, And live in cold and smoke; for never one, With heedless habits formed and fixed, could give The needed care for burning anthracite.

First of the grate: it should be broad and deep, Not having great extent from front to back; With bars so apt and skillfully arranged As best will let air in, and let heat out. Avoid a shallow grate; 'tis only fit For coal bituminous, and will not do For anthracite; which loves a depth of bed, Coal above coal, each other giving warmth, The coal above unto the coal below; And all in union sending it forth The glowing mass, to warm and cheer the room.

Next of the coals: the size demands your care. Beware of each extreme—of masses large As side head of Ethiopian; And the reverse, of particles too small To keep their rightful place, within the grate. A middle size is best; a size, at most, Not larger than the egg of that wise bird, But slanted foul, whose timely noise saved Rome; Nor smaller even than dame parrot's egg.

Next how to light your fire; 'tis easy quite To those who have the skill, together with All proper requisites. First in the grate Dry shavings put, gleaned from the carpenter; Or else waste paper, more convenient still. You'll find some flaming chronicle is best, Hebdonadal or daily, matters not—Some paper glowing hot with politics, And most combustible. Next after this Small bits of wood well dried, cedar or pine; And charcoal follow both. Apply your match, Or taper, underneath; and soon the whole Shall crackle with the fire. Now is the time To add your anthracite. With careful hand Each coal dispose; the smaller at the front, The larger back. Thus to the topmost bar The grate filled fairly up, slope gently back The rising pile, until the highest coals Reach to the chimney's throat. This being done, Last put your blower up; the rushing air, The merry snick-snick coal shall music give, Unto the practised ear more pleasant far On a keen wintry morn, than clarion's note, Trombone or flute, organ or viol's sound.

But keep you not too long your blower up. 'Tis waste of comfort, waste of coal; the heat, Meanwhile ascending to the chimney's top, Is lost on thankless air. Soon as the flame, Arising from the anthracite, begins Merrily to play upon its surface, The blower snatch away; its work is done.

Ignited once, long time the glowing mass Shall burn, if busy meddlers there be none, To mend, and mar, and poke, and put it out. Beware of pokers—they of flesh and blood—Nor on their iron namesake let them lay A hand. If otherwise, forth snatching it, Spare not, through fear of law, th' offender's head, No jury in the land, with conscience clear, And ought of skill in burning anthracite, Could damage give. The poker useful is, And so 's the lance, in a skillful hand; But not the pointed steel, nor iron blunt Should ever intrude on careless fingers fall: As that will life put out, so this the fire.

But when the fire grows dim, with ashes choked, And you would give it life and breath anew, Then use the poker—not as diggers use A crow!—uncarth the stones; or cook-maids stir With rude whispering hands the smoking mush—But gently from beneath the dying mass Let out the smothering cause. Admit the air, Each coal remaining to its fellow coal

In station as before. Fill up the grate, If need there be, with coals anew; and soon Returning breath shall raise to its first glow The redd'ning mass; and warmth again is yours.

UN-CHANGE-ABLE INCIVILITY.

One of the greatest vexations, next to the difficulty of getting money, is the getting it changed. The inhabitants of cities are proverbial for their selfishness, for their unaccommodating disposition, and for never doing any thing to oblige a fellow creature—especially a stranger. We know not whether the city of New York is worse in this respect than others; but we know it is bad enough. We are not often burdened with the handling of money; but we have more than once had to run from shop to shop, from street to street, and finally to go a quarter of a mile to a broker, to get a small bill changed. The experience of others, especially strangers, has been the same.

Now most of this is owing to downright incivility; to a determined disposition to disoblige. It is scarcely within the bounds of possibility; and certainly not within those of probability, that two or three dozen of stores, which are constantly receiving monies of different denominations, should be destitute of the means of accommodating one in the way of change to the amount of three, five, or ten dollars. And yet they will tell you—We haven't got it—we are out entirely—would accommodate you, if we possibly could. It is no such thing: they will tell twenty lies to get rid of obliging you. This is a sore charge; but to prove what we say, try them once—make it their interest to show change, and they will do it forthwith; their drawer then will be found running over; they will shell out as plenty as grains of corn from a twenty rowed ear. Go in and purchase to the amount of fifty cents' worth, and they will change you a fifty dollar bill without the least difficulty.

Scenes like the following may be witnessed every day. Enter a poor fellow with a five dollar bill.—Hop, skip, and jump, goes the shopkeeper behind the counter. He puts on an inquiring face and a most civil smile; as much as to say, I'm ready to wait upon you sir—what will you please to have?

The poor fellow approaches the counter, and pulling from his pocket the five dollar note, asks to have it changed.

The countenance of the merchant falls at once, and he says, in a tone very different from that wherewith he sells goods, "We're out of change entirely."

Exit poor fellow, and enter the next shop. "Will you be good enough to change me five dollars?"

"Cannot, sir," says the factotum, in short order, and turns whistling away to the other end of the store.

Exit again poor fellow, and enter a third shop.—"Will you have the kindness to change me a five dollar bill?"

"Cannot sir, indeed—have no change at present."

Exit a third time and enter a fourth shop. "Can you oblige me so far as to change me a five dollar note?"

"Indeed, sir it is out of my power—paid away the last change I had not three minutes ago."

The poor fellow standing a minute irresolute with the five dollar note in his hand, perceives a lady enter to purchase half a yard of cheap muslin, a paper of pins, or some trifling article, value ninepence.

"Any thing more to-day, ma'am?" with a most selling smile.

"Nothing more, sir," handing out a five dollar bill.

It is changed without the least difficulty or hesitation, notwithstanding all the money was paid away three minutes before!

The poor fellow, with his unchanged five dollar bill, rushes out of the store in a passion, and believing the spirit of accommodation is extinct in the world, hurries away to the nearest broker, perhaps half a mile, and pays a bonus for changing his money. Though poor, he does not so much regard the percentage, as the lost time, and the vexation of running from shop to shop, only to be refused so small a favor.

FEATHERS FROM MY OWN WINGS. By Charles Edwards, Esquire. pp. 320, 12 mo. New York: William Stodart. 1833.

This is an exceedingly neat volume in every respect; in print, paper, and binding. It consists of a great variety of articles, both in prose and verse. Some of them have already been before the public: we recollect, in particular, "The Mermaid," one of the best poetical pieces; and "The Widow and her Son," an interesting article in prose. Among the other principal articles in prose, are, "The Cavalier," "A Stray Chapter from Don Quixotte," and "Rose Raimonde." Among the longest of the poetical pieces, are, "Tecumseh," (illustrated by an engraving); "School Days," and the "Crysis Packet."

As the author, in selecting his title, has seemed to express some confidence in his powers, we will take

the liberty of suggesting an improvement in two or three of his "own feathers," in regard to style—as in the following instances: "Rose burst into tears immediately her father commenced"—and again—"Dear den moved towards the window in order to watch the departure of the officers, and to take measures for his escape immediately they should have galloped out of sight." In both these cases the word immediately is incorrectly substituted for as soon as. If the author will read Addison, Goldsmith, Walter Scott, or any other master in English literature, he will find no such expressions. Among the coxcombries of Bulwer may be found something similar: to wit, the use of the word directly in the room of as soon as. Bulwer, however popular as a novelist, is a bad model in regard to style; and those who would draw from the fountain of pure English, must not stop with him.

We give one of the "feathers" below:

"THE CRYSIS PACKET."

"She went to the north,
When the winter wind blew;
And the wave, with its froth,
O'er the binnacle flew.

The crew of her deck
Were the best of their kind
And her chief had no speck
On his heart or his mind.

Her wings held the storm,
As a bird takes the breeze;
While her beautiful form
Wrote its way on the seas.

The whale saw the sweep
Of the bold bearing ship;
And it rushed to the deep,
Like a dog from the slip.

The sun seemed to shrink
Far away to the west;
Yet he just did the trick
Of the troubled sea's breast.

The dolphin sprung back,
When the yellow weed steeped
And it sought the warm track
Where the flying fish dropped.

The fog on the foam
Gave a chill to the wave;
As the swan found a home
Where the winter birds lave.

Turn, packet-ship, turn!
For within thy broad hold,
Where the swinging lamps burn,
Slender beauty is cold.

Ah, beauty is wild;
And the tears her cheeks blot;
For she thinks of her child,
Far away in his cot.

She hears her boy cry
When the wind strikes the sail;
And she fancies his sigh
In the stormy gulf's wail.

Now, man's daring eye
Has a quickness of fear;
While thoughts of home fly
Through the storm with his tear.

Fly, fine vessel, fly
To thy port in the west;
For thy watchman's weak cry
Tells a tale for unrest.

There's blood on his lip;
There is frost at his heart;
Ah, he sees the ice dip!
And the mighty berg part!

The crew shriek aloud
As they trample the deck;
Some rush to the shroud;
And all think of a wreck.

Alas! like a wheel
Of the potter it spun;
And made the ship reel,
Like a mote in the sun.

The ice gave a groan
To the cry on the mast;
And beauty's slight moan,
In a moment was past.

"This vessel was on the line of packet ships, captured New York and London. She sailed from England to the West Indies in 1825, and was heard of no more. It is, from circumstances, believed the crew and packet perished among the ice bergs."

ANOTHER LIFE OF STEPHEN GIRARD.—We mentioned in our last that Mr. Simpson was about writing the Life of Stephen Girard. We perceive since, that another biography of the same man, is announced as in preparation by Mrs. HASLAM, Mr. Girard's niece, who, it is said, will have the use of her uncle's papers, and the continual diary which he kept. "This book," says the Philadelphia Gazette, "will in all likelihood, be most interesting, the opportunities possessed by the authoress for giving, in strict detail, a correct account of the eventful yet prosperous life of Mr. Girard, cannot be exceeded or equalled by any other life."

pher. The private journal of the great banker will be invaluable for the purposes Mrs. Haslam has in view; while the relationship she bore to the deceased, and the intimate knowledge of his career which she brings to the execution of the volume, will give it an undeniable credence."

PRIVATE EXECUTION.—The murderer, Ransom, for whom there could be no ransom, was executed on Saturday morning last, a little before sunrise within the prison walls at Bellevue. This was done in accordance with the Revised Statutes; and is the first private execution that has taken place in this country. There were not twenty persons present besides the officers on duty; and all the horrid parade, rioting, and drunkenness, which usually attend public executions, were of course avoided.

We are utterly opposed to the taking of human life on any occasion; and hope that the whole code of blood, as well as the mode of public execution, will soon be abolished. We consider the above named improvement in the Revised Statutes, as one step, and a great one, towards a more rational, moral, and christian state of things.

MULTIPLYING MONEY.—It is stated by the Boston Traveller, that a fellow was lately brought before the Grand Jury for making fifteen fifty dollar bills out of fourteen. By clipping "here a little and there a little" from the fourteen bills, he had ingeniously contrived to patch up the fifteenth; for which ingenuity he was arrested. The charge was sufficiently proved; but as there was no law against multiplying money, he was discharged.

MASSACHUSETTS ELECTION.—The good old times of Election Day are forever banished from the Bay State. By the amended constitution the first Wednesday in January is substituted for the last Wednesday in May. This subject is thus pathetically noticed by the Boston Statesman:

Election Day by Zero!—Instead of having Ginger-bread, we had Jack Frost. O! what a falling off is this, my countrymen!—We can hardly realize the fact, that yesterday was Election day—once the "feast of all souls"—now the freezing of all bodies! The *Cadets looked furly*—but how did they feel! The glory of Election has departed forever. There was no thronging of the streets with idle urchins—no thronging of windows with merry groups—no thronging of the Church with clustering beauties. Red noses and blue noses and frozen noses—were all the sights to be seen; bright eyes and roguish dimples were invisible!—A-lick-a-day! beauty and fashion were tossing their toes over Liverpool and Lackawanna. Plague on the amendment of the constitution! it will kill us all. It has changed May to January—and Ginger-bread to Jack-frost.

FASTING FOR THANKSGIVING.—We perceive by the papers, that a number of the inhabitants of Lyons, in this State, kept the Governor's Thanksgiving with fasting and wry faces; all which they had an undoubted right to do in this republican country, where no man is compelled to eat, drink, and be merry, unless he chooses. But it appears, that a large number of other inhabitants, who are so heretical as to believe that religion does not necessarily consist in going to meeting five times a day, Sundays not excepted, held a meeting, at which certain curious matters were stated respecting the fasting part of the community—such as, their going to meeting most of their time; an irreverent use of the name of the Supreme Being; misinterpretation of the Scriptures; preaching faith to the exclusion of works, &c. &c. The meeting concluded by passing the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we disapprove of prayers to Almighty God for the sudden death of individuals; and that we know of no warrant, in the example of the Great Author of the religion of the Gospel, for public prayers, that individuals or classes of men may be afflicted with deprivation of their faculties.

Resolved, That we disapprove of the practice of making disparaging and censorious mention of individuals, either by name or by pointed and offensive allusions in public prayers and sermons; and that there is reason to believe that this practice is sometimes chargeable upon a motive to provoke resentment, in order that the aggressors may have an opportunity to cry out "persecution," when they have only met just indignation."

This praying that their enemies may die suddenly, must doubtless happen when the supplicator is in a passion, inasmuch as those who die suddenly have no chance of being converted; unless, indeed, it is to be accounted for on this principle, that when the sinners are dead, "the saints shall inherit the earth."

A BENEFIT IN PROVIDENCE.—Mr. Sylvester S. Southworth, of the Literary Subaltern, has written a Drama, entitled "The Capture of Prescott, or the Heroism of Barton." It was brought out at the Pro-

vidence Theatre, and on the third night played for the benefit of the author. How beneficial that benefit was, may be gathered from the following card. We are sorry that the "poor of the church" suffered by the negligence of the play-goers. But read the author's

"CARD.—S. S. Southworth, author of the National Drama entitled the 'Capture of Prescott, or the Heroism of Barton,' returns his sincere thanks to the two ladies and fifty gentlemen, who honored the Theatre on the evening of Wednesday, with their presence, and thus gave him a bumper and a benefit. It was the intention of the author to hand the proceeds of the night to the 'poor of the church,' but being apprehensive that the avails of the occasion might not meet the hungry expectations of that respectable body, they are withheld, and will be invested in anti-slavery coal. This being the first night the author ever received, excepting always the 'BASKET OF RICE ACT,' he considers himself highly fortunate and blessed. The author, in reflecting on the events of the evening, is consoled with the happy reflection, that but for a severe gust of wind accompanied with snow, hundreds would have been in attendance, which belief answers all the purposes of a full house. The thanks of the author are also due to a brace of coloured ladies and gentlemen in the gallery, who recorded their testimonials of applause in favor of Guy Watson, as enacted by Mr. McGuire."

To "J. T. E."—We cannot permit thee, friend poet, to make a perilous use of thy wit—to endanger our throat as well as thine. How knowest thou but the knight of the strop, against whom thou hast run a tilt on thy pegasus, is our own accredited tonsor? and in that case we might get our weasand cut for thy fault. We would sooner offend the knights of the black-rod, the gallipot, and gridiron; and forty other knights—than one operator on chins. Consider the power he has; and unless thou canst make thy wit as deadly as his razors, provoke him not. We shall be glad to welcome thee on a less perilous subject.

To the Editor of the Constellation.

MR. EDITOR,—I am an artist; and depend for support upon my success in producing works of taste. I find it very important to obtain the opinions of friends and judges, as to the merits of my productions, before I offer them to the public. There are many who profess the greatest friendship for me, and I am not to doubt the sincerity of their professions. What at first annoyed me greatly was that upon presenting my pieces to them and requesting their opinion, instead of a candid criticism, I could obtain little else in answer, than flattery; but, in my absence, they would criticise with the greatest freedom. I remonstrated; and even told them plainly it was their duty as friends to mention my errors to my face, in time to be corrected; and not publish them to the world when it was too late for their amendment. I acknowledged that I was sensitive of criticism; but insisted, that I had rather hear it from them in private, than publicly from the mouths of my rivals. I admitted, the office of a critic was in general a thankless one; but assured them I would never be offended at any suggestions they would make, and would take them as proofs of friendship. They answered by saying they never should think of criticising a production of mine. No—certainly not. I had no resource left but to set traps for their remarks, and have their opinions reported to me. In this manner I can enjoy the pleasure of their flattery and the advantage of their more candid opinions; while, at the same time, I can humour their inclination to disseminate and be sure of retaining their much valued friendship.

It is true, it would formerly have been considered undignified in me to adopt a system of espionage; and it was even pretended, at one time, that flattery was disgusting and hypocrisy dishonorable. But these antiquated notions are now quite out of fashion.

A writer of the last century, whose speculations are read as curiosities by many at the present day, in speaking of flattery, lays it down as a most excellent rule "allow no man to be so free with you, as to 'praise you to your face.'" Was there ever an idea so barbarous! Such a rule would strike at the very root of fashionable good-breeding. It would make us as rude as farmers—and, perhaps, as honest. When I read this rule, not perceiving its full tendency, and being pleased with the novelty of the idea, I was determined to give it a trial; and accordingly persisted in it, until I became convinced that it was more difficult to practise than absurd in principle. I commenced operations upon presenting a piece to several gentlemen for their opinion, by begging them as they began praising it, to return it to me, and by bidding them a good morning. Their demands for explanation I did not think proper to answer. The next day receiving repeated calls of persons inquiring for my health, I took no notice of the circumstance at first, but presently remarking the frequency of the visits and the unusual manner in which I was stared at and addressed, my curiosity was excited and I determined to get a clue to these extraordinary occur-

rences. After much inquiry, I at length discovered, to my great mortification, that I was reported, throughout the circle of my acquaintances, to be stark mad; the report having originated from my critical friends, whose company I had left with so little ceremony. From that time I abandoned the old fashioned rule, and have again come in favor with my quondam friends. But whether it is that the rule I have mentioned is not so bad in itself, as difficult to follow, or that I sometimes relapse into my former madness, I cannot but think, occasionally, that flattery is impertinent, and devoid of honesty and improper. And I really believe I should come to that conclusion altogether, notwithstanding the railway and example of my companions, and the fear of giving them offence, if it were not for the authority of fashion and the arbitrary sway of custom. My doubt is, whether even these, in such a case, should be sufficient to break down my natural inclinations.

You will oblige me, Mr. Editor, by your opinion upon the subject. Your obed't. serv't. M. C.

SELECTIONS.

From the Salem Observer.

A FINE YOUNG ELEPHANT.

Belonging to Pickering Dodge, Esq. came passenger in the ship Rome, which arrived at Boston last week. We are informed that he has enjoyed uninterrupted health on the passage, always eating his allowance with a good appetite, although he suffered considerably from the cold, notwithstanding all the precaution taken by Captain Kennedy for his comfort. His daily rations were thirty pounds of hay, thirty pounds of straw, and twenty-five pounds of rice, moistened with twelve gallons of water. On several occasions during the passage, he displayed the sagacity and gratitude for attention, for which the species is so remarkable. Before he was put on board at Calcutta, a house was built for him, in the strongest manner, covered with thick teak-planks, which were fastened to the frame by stout iron spikes, clenched on the inside. The elephant was swung into the ship by means of a crane and straps around the body, as oxen are prepared for shoeing. His mahout guided him into the domicile prepared for him without any trouble, but in that not climate he soon found the exclusion of fresh air disagreeable, and did not cast about long for a remedy. In a playful manner, he applied his trunk to the stout and firmly secured planks, wrenched them off as if they had been straws, and dashed them away. No attempt was made at that time to replace them; but when the ship approached the coast, the elephant began to suffer from the cold. To shelter him, Capt. Kennedy resolved to make another endeavor to close up his house. This time there was no attempt on the part of the elephant to obstruct the process. He appeared perfectly to understand the object, and to feel grateful for it. Nothing but thin boards were tried, fastened with common nails; the slightest blow of his trunk would have shivered them to atoms, but he cautiously abstained from touching them. The whole was made air tight, as the seamen thought, by filling the crevices with straw, but the quick eye of the elephant discovered several small fissures, which he pointed out with his trunk, till they were successively filled. When the whole was completed, his satisfaction appeared to have no bounds.

Before the approach of cold weather, a coat had been made for him, composed of gunny bags, stuffed with straw. He suffered this to be tried upon him and nicely fastened in every part; but no sooner was the fitting completed than he stripped it off in a moment, and threw it aside. At length, however, the cold became extreme, and the elephant evidently suffered exceedingly. Captain Kennedy then had a new dress made for him, and placed it on him in the same manner as before. In this case, as with respect to the covering of the house, the elephant fully appreciated the kindness of the motive, and his gratitude and satisfaction were manifested in the most intelligible manner.

During the whole passage he was completely under the control of his mahout, or keeper, and would lie or kneel down whenever ordered by him; but always slept standing. He would brace his head firmly against one end of the house, and his side against the wall, and whenever the ship shifted her course he altered his position to conform to it. He never left his enclosure during the whole passage of more than a hundred and sixty days.

Some difficulty was anticipated in landing him, but it was fortunately effected with ease and safety. A flooring of double plank was laid from the ship's deck to the wharf, and the elephant, with the mahout on his back, was released from his long imprisonment and conducted to the gangway. He surveyed minutely the platform prepared for his egress, and placed his foot upon it to test its strength. He was not entirely satisfied, however, of its capacity to endure his great weight, and returned to his house. After a while he was coaxed out again and lines were attached to each of his fore legs. Again he placed one of his feet upon the platform and at that moment the men who were holding the line kept the leg stretched out. He then extended the other fore leg, and that was immediately drawn out in the same manner. Finding there was compulsion in the case, and that he must go, and judging, like a philosopher, that his weight was less likely to break through when spread over a large sur-

face than when concentrated, he threw himself upon his belly and by a muscular movement worked his way from the ship to the wharf, to the great delight of thousands of people who covered the neighbouring wharves, vessels and stores.

CAN'T PLEASE THE LADIES.

"What is the scorn of every wealthy fool,
And wit in rags is turned to ridicule."

It has ever been my wish to please the ladies, but I find by experience that it is a difficult office. However, the bolder fool, the better liked. I was in company the other evening with a fine parcel of ladies—very handsome girls to be sure—should have spent the evening very agreeably, had not Miss Simper got vexed with me—said I was a cursed ugly fellow—I didn't mind that—but "dash'd on, kept moving"—the girls kept cutting their eyes at me—that wasn't more than I expected—I liked that—but whispering I do detect—cursed bad practice among the ladies to be sure. I am used to such kind of treatment—so don't mind it. In course Miss Smarl—fine girl—with dark eyes—skin white as a lily—rosy cheeks—smiling countenance—just in the fashion—I liked that—I was very polite—had as many motions as if I had been in a ball-room—I ran on for about an hour with a great many borrowed expressions—I heard her whisper to one of the girls, he is a scoundrel—I liked that—so dash'd on, kept moving—happened to cast my eye at Miss Simper—she look'd very mad—I liked that—so mov'd my chair close up to hers—she mov'd off—so did I—I liked that—girls all sociable but Miss Simper—she was cursed mad to be sure—I told her she was I don't some—she liked that—this looks something like a whale.—A boy came about with tea—I liked that—took a cup—was very polite—much like a dancing master—let the cup fall—cursed clumsy fellow, whiplerd one—clown, whiplerd another. Went home—cursed my want of politeness—am I went to bed—swore wouldn't go among the girls this year.

TOMMY SNICKER.

A Christmas dinner spoiled. A lady residing in Pear street, called a black fellow, whom she saw passing the door with an axe on his shoulder, and an empty dinner basket in his hand, yesterday afternoon, and requested him to go down into her cellar and split a load of wood which had been recently sawed, the fellow eagerly accepted the job, and went to work, but, before he was half done, an uncommonly fine turkey caught his longing eye, hanging from a joist, within his reach, and caused a suspension of operations for a while, during which, the visions of fat holiday dinners, of poultry and mince pies, and potatoes of "old rye," quickly succeeded each other's flash through his troubled brain, and fairly made his mouth water, with the delightful thoughts. In this state of excitement he seized the unoffending bird, and, in a twinkling, it was closely trimmed, and snugly stowed away in his basket, and covered with an old rag of a napkin, in embryo for Christmas, he then fell diligently to the prosecution of his labors. Having finished, he slapped his coat, picked up his basket and axe, and was ushered into the presence of the lady, for his wages. The moment the lady saw the full basket, she thought there was something wrong, and carelessly asked him what he had in his basket. "Only a stick of wood?" was the reply. "Well, let me see it?" said the lady, at the same time taking hold of the basket, which the fellow instantly dropped, and darted into the street, leaving behind basket, turkey, axe, wages, &c., they being a "mere circumstance," in the balance against the chance of eating a Christmas dinner out of Arch street. He has not since been seen or heard of.—*Phil. Chron. Dec. 21.*

BILLIOUS. A STREET DIALOGUE. Harry and Dick.

H. How are ye Dick—wish you happy new year.

D. O, miserably;—there's little happiness to a man out of health.

H. What's the matter?—Influenza?

D. No!—something infinitely worse,—I'm horribly billious, Dick—I have periodical attacks of it about this time of year. I've just had a griping attack in the street;—and from being somewhat pursey you know, I have become as an unblown bladder—if I get no better of it soon, Calvin Edson will be a Daniel Lambert to my skeleton.

H. Sorry to hear it—Don't you take medical advice?

D. Yes, and that has somewhat increased the disorder. Doctor Economy prescribed some impalpable drugs, and rigid rules; but I believe that I have not strictly followed them; moderate diet—no wine—not too frequent change of old clothing for new—early rising—constant exercise.

H. Riding, I suppose?

D. O, faith, that's one great cause of the disorder. But, without metaphor, Harry, I've drawn rather hard upon my credit, the past year; and now that pay has come, I find it rather hard to meet demands.

H. Don't mention it—I'm in the same predicament;—let's sue for a short truce, and follow the directions of Dr. Economy for the future. (*Salem Observer.*)

PANDEMONIUM POLITICS.

Some evenings since, a brilliant party met
At the Pitt's Head, in Pandemonium,
To celebrate—but softly, that's to come,
More noisy far, more numerous, was the set
Than ever upon earth assembled yet;
More actively opposed to all sobriety,
Than any English Temperance Society;
More redolent of jokes Satanic;
In fact they'd just recovered from a panic.
For ever since
(All devils being Tories, as is known)
William the Conqueror—the Fourth we mean—
Mounted the throne,
The imp-inhabitants of H— had been
In wild alarm, petitioning their Prince;
Shewing with arguments profound
That he and they on earth were losing ground,
And praying him to make
For mischief's sake
An English, not an Eden expedition,
To aid his dear allies, the Opposition.
Now all these prayers the Brimstone King repelled,
Deeming it pleasant to stay below
Till all the Tory turbulents were cooled;
He also judged it would be foolish—very,
To risk a rivalry with Londonery.
Like Charles the Obstinate his course he held;
And so
His maps rebelled,
Many seditious speeches now were spoken,
Inflammatory breath that raised a rout;
And many torturing-machines were broken.
Some went about,
To kindle fires?—Oh, no, to put them out!
But while the war was raging most severe,
Just as the mob of maps had fixed a mark
On Melchior-house, and Belial-park,
Solving the select with groans,
Claws of sulphur and phosphoric stones—
Rage news arrived, and ran through all the place
With lightning pace.
The rebel-imp, now ceasing to destroy,
All danced for joy.
Infernal raptures flashed from every face;
Illuminations blazed, which somewhat rack'd
(Sure they were mad!) their limbs, already warm;
But still they bore it all as if 'twere frost!
In fact,
(This was the rainbow that had lulled the storm)
The Lords that morning had refused Reform—
The Bill, the Bill was lost!
Dinners of course were given, and cards were sent
Begging the aristocracy to dine
In celebration of the black event;
And all the wicked went.
The company began to meet at nine;
And millions mustered, up to midnight, there,
When Beelzebub arrived, and took the chair.
Of due supporters he was not bereft;
For Mr. P.,
To whom the nation owes, until this day,
A debt it never can defray,
Was on his right hand fixed; while Viscount C.,
Marquis of Six-Acts, to complete the three,
Sat on his left.
And many persons, much renowned on earth
For noble birth,
Shared in the feast and mingled with the brood.
The cloth removed, the Chairman gravely rose,
And with him rose a shout—(here the reporter
Retired for an hour and a quarter,
The shout was just then drawing to a close;)
His Ugliness commenced, in happy style,
By saying, "he had something to propose."
"To see," he said, "a meeting such as this
Gives me peculiar bliss;
So many Friends of Mischief met together;
Fiends of a feather,
Ne'er from the ruling passion to be weaned.
I need not long detain you, but I call
On you, my devotees, who throng this hall—
(I'm much chagrined
That many in this crowd must sit on thorns,
With scarcely room to stir their tails or horns!)
I call on you both near and far
To show our friends above, that we are all
Anti-reformers, to a friend!
(Demoniac cries of "Yes, we are, we are!")
It is my business, therefore, just to hint,
What's stated here in print,
That forty-one bold hands—which by the by
We hope to shake—have rooted up a Bill,
That, like the Vulture's in a certain liver,
Seemed fixed in us for ever.
Brethren in evil, friends to strife, you will,
I know, protect those peers by whom we live;
And join with me, in shouts that reach the sun,
As here I give
The glorious memory of the Forty-one!"
In draughts of sulphur-wine,
The toast was drunk, midst cheering never done,
With forty-one times forty-one.
When Mr. P., first glancing down the ranks,
Rose to return his thanks.
"I rise," said he; "for what is theirs is mine.
I claim a moiety of this your praise;
For of the Nobles that opposed the Bill
I made one hundred, in as many days,
Quite at my will."
Continuing his oration, he averred
That he had been the Pilot of the storm;
And proved that every species of Reform
Was most absurd.
And then, in terms that spoke his rhetoric's wealth,
Proposed the Chairman's health.
Clapping of claws,
With other marks of flattering applause,
Followed the word.
Lord C. then gave in accents sweet as figs,
A toast that should be traced on every panel;
May fortune's fire soon cease to light the Whigs

And flow again into its proper channel!"

At this the base,
Ungentlemanly imps began to titter,
Which broke up order. Then commenced a race
Of song and riot; war soon shewed her face,
And some were carried home upon a litter.
It was high noon as Beelzebub retired,
When lo! a sound from earth—a gun was fired!
Loud shouts, "The King, the King!"
Told that his Majesty was just declaring,
How a new Bill, that should be just the thing,
Was then preparing!

THE CHOLERA.

From the Atlas.

The claims of the subject, induce us to continue our extracts relative to the nature and diffusion of the Pestilential Cholera. Rejecting all prejudice, and the authority of mere opinions, we believe that the statements furnished in our last number would satisfy—perfectly satisfy—any candid inquirer, that this disease has been spread by contagious influence. We must be understood to use the word *contagious* in the popular acceptance—implying the consequences of the ordinary intercommunication of life and business—whether it be with stricter accuracy described by the name of contagion or infection, or be taken to include both. A correct view of the matter, we believe, is afforded by the writer from whom we quote, and his arguments appear to us fully sustained by fact and observation. Referring the reader to those arguments and facts, we now proceed succinctly to enumerate some of the prominent points of those portions of the essay intervening between our extracts and forming the links which constitute the article one unbroken chain of reasoning and proof.

They are in outline as follows—First, the Cholera in its progress has always been traced along the great thoroughfares of a country, attacking places in *succession*; are we, says the writer, to believe that the Cholera has the predilection of an alderman for easy travelling, or the *empressment* of a courier for rapid movement, that it selects the best roads for its dreadful invasion. The second remarkable fact noticed in the progress of Cholera, is, that it does not attack a large space of territory of a new country at once, but gradually; the first point of attack being invariably on a frontier or coast. Since this assertion was made, the disease, it is believed, has broken out in England, and at what point? At the *seaport* of Sunderland. A third fact in the progress of Cholera is, indeed, that whenever it invades a new country, it begins in a great commercial mart. There seems to be no exception to this law, except where the disease has been imported by invading armies. How are we to account for this selection, on the principle of non-contagion? A fourth fact to be observed, is, that the rapidity of the propagation of the disease appears to have been proportional to the distances and to the means of communication. The circumstances being the same, the mortality is the greatest in the most populous and commercial towns, and in these the disease breaks out oftenest. The very capriciousness exhibited in the progress of the disease, is easily accounted for on the supposition that it is communicated by human intercourse, but remains inexplicable, if the cause of the propagation of Cholera be looked for in the uniform action of physical agents and laws. This eccentricity is always confined to a district, and to the commencement of the disease in it. The progress of the malady is singularly uniform over large spaces of territory. In this feature of the uniformity of the progress of Cholera, when we trace it over large spaces, and its eccentricity over smaller ones, we recognize with equal distinctness the action of circumstances which influence human intercourse.

A most formidable, and it seems to us irresistible, array of facts, is next brought forward to prove the contagiousness of Cholera, first, *positively*, as when the disease is shown to have been propagated by the known and immediate intercourse of the uninfected with the infected; next, *negatively*, as when it is shown that they who avoid intercourse with the sick escape the malady, although living under the same general circumstances of climate, soil, food, &c.; and in the third place, by the *facts of coincidence*, as when the Cholera breaks out in a healthy spot after the arrival, from infected places, of individuals who do not themselves labor under the malady. On this last order of facts, the evidence in favor of infection by merchandise, or any inanimate substance, mainly depends. Most of the facts on which these conclusions are built—but which are sufficiently numerous and substantial, we think, for an immovable foundation, we must here pass by. Several of them are stated incidentally in the general remarks published in our last and present numbers. A very few others we annex. Those showing the appearance of the disease at places where it had not previously existed, immediately after the arrival there of persons laboring under it, we omit, to give place to a single article of the testimony on the negative side, taken from the Madras Report—"The crews of vessels, and the troops on board, have never experienced an attack of Cholera till they had communicated with the shore."—Yet the Indian practitioners generally—

if not universally, held the doctrine of non-contagion! From the numerous illustrations belonging to the class described as "facts of coincidence," we select only these. Soon after the Cholera had reached the extremity of the peninsula of India, it appeared in Ceylon in two places, between which and the main land there was constant commercial intercourse. Immediately after Malacca was infected, the island of Sumatra, which is separated from the main land by a narrow strait, was attacked. Penang and Singapore, islands in the channel, were simultaneously attacked. In none of these examples does it appear that the malady was communicated by infected individuals who landed. All that we know is, that the disease did not break out in these islands until it had previously ravaged a neighbouring territory with which there was constant commercial intercourse. The Polish government state, in their circular, Jan. 1st, 1831, that "whenever the two armies met, Cholera was sure to attack the Polish troops." Marvellous as it may appear that the apparently healthy should be the means of diffusing a poison from the effects of which they themselves are exempt, nevertheless the fact is established with regard to most highly contagious maladies. Russell asserts that the plague may be conveyed from town to town, not far distant, in this manner. The propagation of Cholera by means of goods, it is needless to say, does not admit of mathematical demonstration, nor does it rest solely or strictly on the evidence of our senses. None of these show us how miasmata pass from the infected to the healthy, nor do they afford us the least clue as to the primary seat of the malady. All that they do inform us is, that a great proportion of those who communicate with the sick take the disease. Evidence is next produced which proves that neither pestilential vapours, nor miasms transported on the winds, nor excess of heat, nor humidity, nor excess or deficiency of electricity, nor, in short, any of those known physical agents which constitute the power of climate, will account for the propagation of Cholera over the globe. It spreads more readily and with more fatality in hot weather—but attacked Moscow at the end of Nov. with the thermometer 16 deg. below zero—the rivers frozen, and the country covered with snow,—and was eminently destructive. If want of cleanliness favours its intensity, it cannot be looked on as originating the disease; and if it be more readily diffused in a crowded population, experience has shown that it will prevail where there are no more than eight inhabitants to the square league.

Again directing the attention of our readers to the extracts we have laid before them, we here dismiss the Reviewer. We trust that this city—and in its fate we consider as involved that of every section of this continent—will not, should the "plague come nigh us," have its horrors aggravated by the reflection that through supineness and indifference, we neglected the precautions which alone, if any thing human can, had power to avert its visitations.

"Surely this ought to be sufficient. But no—the same objections which were made in the time of Justinian, when a pestilence depopulated the earth, have been repeated and repeated, whenever mankind were the victims of a similar calamity. 'The followers of Procopius,' says Gibbon, cap. 43, 'were satisfied by short and partial experience, that the infection could not be gained by the closest conversation.' 'Mead proves (he adds in a note) that the plague was contagious, from Thucydides, Lucretius, Aristotle, Galen, and common experience, and he refutes the contrary opinion of the French physicians who visited Marseilles in the year 1720; yet these were the recent and enlightened spectators of a plague which, in a few months, swept away fifty thousand inhabitants of a city that, in the present hour of prosperity, contains no more than ninety thousand souls.' Our recent and enlightened spectators are re-echoing, almost in the same terms used by their French brethren in 1720, the same absurdities, and exhibiting the same blindness—&c. &c."

The habits of the disease (says Dr. Jamieson the compiler of the Bengal Report) proved the cholera not to be contagious; it ran a regular course of increase, maturity, decay, and extinction. If the virus is capable of reproducing itself through the medium of effluvia, or secretions of individuals already affected, it must have gone on augmenting until it either had no longer subjects upon whom to exercise itself, or was counteracted by some means more powerful than itself. Such, at least, is the course commonly pursued by those great scourges—the small-pox and plague.—*Bengal Report*, p. 127.

Such is not the course pursued by the great scourges—plague and small-pox, nor, indeed, by any other contagious epidemic whatever. It is manifest, that if these had gone on augmenting in the way this author insists they should, mankind would have been swept from the earth long ago. On the contrary, it is impossible to open a book containing details of plague, small-pox, scarlet fever, or measles, without finding that there is a regular course of increase, maturity, and extinction traceable in each when epidemic. The plague of London, 1665, began in a family at Westminster, increased gradually, was apparently extinguished in winter, and revived the next spring. That of Marseilles at first broke out among a few porters,

from whom the infection spread. The first seven chapters of Russell, which contain the history of different irruptions of the plague in different places, are full of facts in direct contradiction to Dr. Jamieson's assertion. Sydenham, who saw the plague of 1665, and who lived before inoculation was practiced, describes small-pox as at one time rarely appearing or not at all; then beginning to show itself at the approach of the vernal equinox, spreading more and more every day, becoming epidemic about autumn, abating on the coming of winter, and returning again in the spring. The measles of 1670, says the same physician, began very early, that is, at the beginning of January and, increasing daily, came to their height at March; afterwards they gradually decreased, and were extinguished in the following July.

Not only is there a similarity in the general course of cholera and that of the known contagious diseases, as small-pox and plague, but there is a most striking parallelism extending even into their details. There is the same capriciousness exhibited in the selection of their victims; they spread in one part of a town and not in another—commit the greatest ravages in one village, and neglect, or slightly visit, its immediate neighbour. "At some periods the small-pox and plague carry off hundreds; at others, children whom we inoculated," says Dr. Odier, talking of small-pox, "have gone out every day, even after the eruption had broken out; they have been in the streets and public walks; they have communicated freely with other children susceptible of the infection, and not only the small-pox did not spread, but there did not occur, my knowledge, any distinct instance of communication of the disease from one individual to another in the streets or promenades." Captain Grant, in his observations on the Bills of Mortality, notices the great irregularities or "sudden skips" which the plague hath made, leaping, in one week, from one hundred and ninety-three to two hundred and fifty-eight, and from thence again the very next week to eight hundred and fifty-two.—*Vide Birch's Bills of Mortality* from 1657 to 1758. Russell has accumulated a variety of facts which prove that the plague is less contagious at one time than another, and that commerce with infected places may subsist without ill consequence in the absence of that state of air, which, in our absolute ignorance of the exact laws of contagious disease, we call pestilential or epidemic constitution of the atmosphere. The following passage, describing an irruption of epidemic small-pox, in 1777, at Chester, combines all those circumstances of the progress of cholera which have been cited up as anomalous in the history of contagious diseases:—

"The small-pox (says Dr. Haygarth) was epidemic in Chester from May, 1777, till January, 1778, that is, for nine months, particularly for the last six, during which time I attentively marked its progress. 1. At the beginning, two or three families were seized, not immediate neighbours, but in the same quarter of the town. 2. Then the children of a neighbourhood, comprehending an entry, had the distemper, but it did not spread from them as a centre. 3. In no part of the town it has spread uniformly from a centre, farther than through an entry or a narrow lane, where all the children of a neighbourhood play together. 4. Afterwards, the poor children in several parts of the town were attacked, at a considerable distance—in some places half a mile off each other. 5. Yet many portions of all the large streets were not infected in November; but so late as December and January, the distemper returned to attack many who had escaped when it was in their neighbourhood some months before. 6. In Hanbridge, a part of Chester only separated from the rest of the town by the river Dee, not more than about seven had been infected during the epidemic, though great numbers of children in this quarter are liable to the distemper. 7. In the middle of the city, in one street, (King-st.,) of twenty-four who never had passed through the distemper, only two, both in the same house were attacked. 8. During the summer and autumn of 1777, while this epidemic was general in Chester, many of the surrounding villages, (as Christleton, Barrow, Tarvin, &c.) and some larger towns, (as Nantwich, Neston, &c.) were visited by the small-pox in one or more families, yet the distemper did not spread generally through any of these towns. As both the state of the air, and the virulent poison, were the same in these places as in Chester, why did it not equally infect their air as well as ours? 9. At Frodsham, the small-pox began in May, and gradually became more frequent, so as to be remarkably epidemic in one part for several months; yet nearly one half of the town, on the 18th of November, 1777, still remained quite uninfected. On the contrary, at Upton, a small village two miles from Chester, of twenty-four children who had never been attacked by the distemper, all except one, (who was also certainly exposed to the infection,) had it in less than two months. The reason of its speedy propagation I shall give in the words of Mr. Edwards, surgeon, a very intelligent inhabitant of the place:—"The distemper has not been propagated by the air or contiguity of houses, but has increased in proportion to the communication which families had with each other: no care was taken to prevent the spreading, but, on the contrary, there seemed to be a general wish that all the children might have it." 10. It is universally allowed that the virulent infection attacks the children of the poor people first, and by far the most generally."

*"An Inquiry how to prevent the Small-pox," By John Haygarth, M.D. A New Edition, 1801—p. 83."

Here, then, we have an instance of increase, maturity, and decay. The beginning and termination of the epidemic are stated; the fact of its breaking out in different places half a mile asunder is noticed. Like the cholera, it proceeds and returns to spots in which it ought to have raged, according to anti-contagionists, at first. A street in the middle of an infected city is scarcely touched. A river seems to put a stop to the virulence of the malady; while Chester is ravaged, the neighbouring villages are but slightly visited. The same difficulties occur to Dr. Haygarth in 1777, with regard to small pox, which have been noticed by 'the enlightened spectators' of cholera in 1831. He, however, did not doubt the testimony of the positive facts of contagion, because there were some circumstances along side of these which human ingenuity could not explain.

After the instances of exemption from infection which are contained in Haygarth's narrative of a disease confessedly as deadly as the worst pestilences which have desolated the earth, it will scarcely be necessary to notice the main argument urged in favour of the non-contagious nature of cholera, namely, that numbers who frequent the sick escape entirely. 'The negative proof,' says Dr. Macmichael, in his ingenious pamphlet, 'however numerous, ought not to be put in the scale against the positive instances of contagion.'—p. 28. No, truly. What should we think of those who, having escaped the carnage of the battle of Waterloo, attributed their own immunity to the innocuousness of musquetry? We were in the midst of the fire, they might say, ran all the same risks as those who fell; had bullets been dangerous, and the cause of death, why were we not killed? In every irruption of plague this species of reasoning has, however, been resorted to. The escape of M. Didier, and several medical men, during its prevalence in Marseilles, was looked on by them as proving that plague was not contagious; but a more curious step of this process of reasoning yet remains. 'Had cholera been contagious, (we are told,) those who were in the most intimate converse with the sick must have caught it; but as they did not, therefore the disease is owing to some pestiferous alteration of the air.' We may fairly ask, by what miracle any escape from the action of a cause which is always in operation. Whether sleeping or waking, enclosed in houses, or exposed under the heavens, this poisonous atmosphere we know must be inhaled, by all persons within its range, at least twenty times in every minute. To reject the doctrine of contagion is difficult, in order to adopt the one just stated, appears to us very like straining at the gnat and swallowing the camel.

'When the Indian practitioners,' says Dr. Macmichael, 'saw a formidable disease spreading around them, they might have assumed, in the first instance, for greater security, that it was contagious. Had they instantly separated the sick from the healthy, and immediately endeavoured to ascertain all the facts connected with the intercourse that had taken place between those who were first taken ill, and those who appeared to catch the disorder from them, they would probably have discovered the mode by which cholera was propagated, and perhaps we might not now have to head the approach of that fatal pestilence to our own shores. If, indeed, after all these prudent measures and anxious inquiries, it had turned out that no cure, no means of prevention which the mind of man could employ or suggest, were available, then indeed the desperate and desponding conclusion might at length have been adopted, that all human aid was vain.'—p. 31.

Not a single precautionary step seems to have been taken, because not one could be deemed necessary by the medical officers of Bengal, 'who concurred, without a dissentient voice, in declaring that cholera was not contagious.'—(Bengal Report.) Whether it was possible to have arrested the malady at first, as surely as the immense territories of British India as in the Isle de Bourbon, we will not hazard an opinion; but that the mortality might have been diminished, we have no hesitation in affirming; and what a frightful picture does that mortality exhibit! Up to May, 1831, we know of six hundred and fifty-six eruptions of cholera in Asia and Europe. Of course many of those in remote and barbarous quarters of the globe are not included here. M. de Jennes believes that this calculation is about one-half less than the true number. In the fourteen years in which the cholera has raged, one-sixth of the inhabitants of India have been carried off; one-third of those dwelling in the towns of Arabia, one-sixth of those of the same class in Persia; in Mesopotamia, one-fourth; in Armenia, a fifth; in Syria, a tenth; in Russia, a twentieth of the population of the infected provinces, up to May, and there the malady has since made fresh progress, and carried off more victims. In India, as the disease has existed the whole of the fourteen years, M. de Jennes calculates the mortality at two and a half millions annually, which would give a total of about thirty-six millions; in order, however, to underestimate, he reduces the number to eighteen millions for Indostan, and taking the mortality for the rest of the world, from China to Warsaw, to amount to about thirty-six millions, arrives at the conclusion, that fifty millions of our race have perished in fourteen years of a disease which, in 1817, existed only in a few spots of the presidency of Bengal.

We have stated our conviction, that this dreadful mortality has been occasioned by a poison imbibed by the healthy and generated by the sick, and that it has not been caused by some pernicious change in the at-

mosphere. Of the two hypotheses, if both were countenanced by an equal number of facts, still that of contagion should be preferred, not only on grounds of prudence, but on the score of humanity. What harm can come of taking up the contagious theory?—but if it were to be generally believed, in right earnest, that the ravages of the malady depend on the presence of a poisonous wind, whom could we expect to encounter the withering blasts of this worse than Simoon or Harmattan? There would be no safety nor refuge, and all the motives which lead us to discharge the sacred duties of humanity, would languish and expire. Let us adhere to the safer, as well as more consolatory opinion, until it is proved to be false. Let those who are enabled, take the advice of Franklin, and leave an infected spot 'as soon as they can, go as far as they can, and stay away as long as they can.' By this means fewer victims are offered for the ravages of the malady. Let those who cannot move, adopt the most rigid rules of quarantine in their houses until the epidemic ceases, and they will not be less safe than the French consuls were in Syria or the sagacious Moravians of Sarepta. In all other contagious diseases the poisonous exhalations extend to very small distances from the sick, so that medicines may be administered and the ordinary attentions bestowed with less danger than is supposed. The history of contagious epidemics proves, that a large volume of atmosphere is never tainted, and that the notion of a town or village being enveloped in pestilential vapours is a vulgar error. Dr. Russell is of opinion, that the morbid exhalations of plague patients do not taint the atmosphere at any great distance, and are soon rendered innocuous. We know that the distance at which small pox exhalations are dangerous is very circumscribed. The three great disinfectants are cold, time, and ventilation. The first appears to have invariably mitigated plague, small-pox, and cholera; the germs of these maladies decay or undergo decomposition in time; and ventilation dilutes morbid exhalations as surely as water does hemlock.

These general observations apply very strictly to cholera. While the numerous cases of death from infection prove the deadly nature of the morbid matter, the great number of exemptions under circumstances of close intimacy with the infected, show either that it speedily becomes innocuous, or that it requires a concurrence of many things to produce its effects.

[We are enabled, through the kindness of a friend, (Dr. Somerville of Chelsea College,) to support our views by the following interesting extract of a letter from a very eminent physician of Berlin, Dr. Becker, dated September 29, 1831:—

"I am a most decided contagionist, and it is the force of facts which has made me so; for on the authority of your Indian practitioners I formerly believed the cholera not to be contagious. The appearance of the disease in Berlin, and the manner in which it has spread, is also very remarkable, and affords supplementary evidence in favour of contagion. The conclusion at which I have arrived is, that the efficient cause of the Asiatic or malignant cholera is always a virus, the production of human effluvia, and which, according to common medical language, undoubtedly deserves the name of a contagious principle; but that this virus, in order to produce the disease, requires, first, like the contagion of the small-pox, measles, typhus fever, and even the plague, a disposition of the atmosphere favourable to its development; and secondly, a peculiar disposition of the animal economy in every person who is exposed to it. This disposition appears to be brought on by previous disease, particularly bowel complaints, by excessive fatigue, cold, errors in diet, drunkenness, fear, &c.

"This theory of the cause of cholera appears to me to be the only one which can explain the phenomena in a satisfactory manner. It appears to me nonsense to assume, that in the year 1831 one man gets the cholera because he has eaten cucumbers, and another because he has slept on a damp field; for the same causes never have produced the same effects at other times, or other places. Nor is it the marsh miasma, or as the phrase now is, the malaria, which produces the disease, for we now have villages with intermittent fever, and others with cholera, and others with both diseases, which in no manner interfere with one another. The only other possible supposition is that of a peculiar moving epidemic influence or miasma, which of itself is the sufficient cause, (not as I maintain, merely a disposition of the atmosphere favourable to the disease);—but the singular manner in which the disease spreads, following no other lines but those of human intercourse, namely, roads, rivers, and canals, is quite unaccountable on such a supposition.

"I hope in a week or two we shall be able to give important results as to the treatment. Our cases go on very favourably upon the whole, the remedies chiefly employed being acid baths, camphor, external heat, and other stimuli, leeches and bleeding. I am happy to say that I am well and active; and although I have frequent intercourse with the sick, I have no fear of taking the disease, as I endeavor to protect myself by regularity in diet and regimen. . . . Our young physician has been one of the first victims of the cholera, a decided anti-contagionist; he carelessly exposed himself, died, and as if his case was to be a warning proof of the fallacy of his opinions, his death was immediately followed by that of his landlord and two children, and the illness of the servant-maid, in the house, the only instances of the disease in that street."

We have endeavoured to convey to the reader the impressions which the various documents on our table

have left on ourselves;—we have neither sought to exaggerate the horrors of the picture, nor to conceal them. The public mind ought to be roused to meet an impending danger with energy. The magnitude of the evil requires not only the vigilance of government, but of every individual. The ignorance, the folly, the cupidity, and the carelessness of mankind, are all arranged against their safety, which perhaps not even the candid exhibition of the whole truth may secure. Should all prove vain, and the difficulties of enforcing quarantine regulations on our coasts be found insurmountable, the evil must be counteracted, not by not national despondency or despair, but by prompt and decisive means. The measures which have succeeded elsewhere, when directed by the energy and masculine sense of the British character, will not fail us here.

"DRESS.—Even the Quakeresses, who, in obedience to St. Paul, 'refrain from outward adorning,' and are restricted by their elders to garments composed of scarcely more than two colours, contrive from these simple elements to extract as much food for vanity as a painter from his seven primitive colours, or a musician from his octave of notes. It is true, the original materials are limited; but, O for the varieties that their ingenuity will contrive to extract from these simple elements! First, there is white, pure unadulterated white; then a 'dead' white, then there is 'blue' white, then there is 'pearl' white, then there is 'French' white, and heaven knows how many other whites. Next follow the grays: first, there is a simple gray, then 'blue' gray, then 'ash' gray, then 'raven' gray, and, for aught I know, a dozen other grays. Then comes the fawn, the 'light' fawn, the 'dark' fawn, the 'red' fawn, the 'brown' fawn, the 'hare's' back' fawn, and the 'brown paper' colour; then follow (for their endless subdivisions,) the families of the 'Esterhazies,' the 'doves,' the 'slates,' the 'puces,' the 'mulberries,' the 'bronzes,' and the 'London smokes,'—varieties innumerable, and with distinctions only visible to the practised eye of a lady friend. As for their muslin handkerchiefs, let no unfortunate wight whilst in the act of paying a bill for Brussels lace, envy those who have no such bills to pay; let him rest assured that his burden is borne in some shape or other by his graver brethren: he may know that a muslin handkerchief may be bought for eighteen-pence; but he does not perhaps know that it may be bought for eighteen-shillings also, and that the 'sisters' have a peculiar penchant for the latter priced article. It is true, that a double instead of a single border forms the principal, I should say the only difference, between the India and British manufacture,—no matter: the India is the most difficult to be procured, therefore, the most to be desired, and, consequently the thing to be worn! And then *chaussure*—in this point they resemble our French neighbors more than any other people. It is certain that they confine themselves to shoes of two colours, brown and black; but then their varieties! from the wafer-soled drawing-room to the clog-soled walking shoe! verily their name should be legion, for they indeed are many. And then their gloves—whoever saw a Quakeress with a soiled glove? On the contrary, who has not marked the delicate colour and superior fitting of their digital covering? And well may it be so; for, though ready-made gloves do well enough for an undistinguished court-beauty, her refinement must stoop to that of a Quaker belle, who wears no gloves but such as are made for her individual fingers. And then their pocket-handkerchiefs—I verily believe that the present fashion of the *maucher borde* proceeded from them. It is true that they do not require the corners to be so elaborately embroidered; but for years have they been distinguished for the open-work border on cobweb-like cambric; nor are they to be satisfied with the possession of a moderate share of these superior articles. No, indeed; if they are to be restricted to necessities in dress, they fully indemnify themselves by having these necessities of the finest possible quality, and in the largest possible quantity. So long ago as the reign of Charles the Second, it was observed of a great statesman, that he was 'curious in his linen as a Quaker'; and this implied axiom of the seventeenth century is fully in force at the present day. One observation more, and I have done. In the management of that most unmanageable part of a lady's attireycleped a shawl, we will match any pretty 'Friend' against any fair one of the European continent (always excepting a lady from Spain.) O, the smoothing of plaits that I have witnessed, to modify any unseemly exuberance at the back of the neck! O, the patience required to overcome the stubbornness of rebellious sleeves, which threatened to obscure the delicate slope of a pair of drooping shoulders! O, the care that has been required to prevent the beautiful sinuosity of a falling-in back from being too much veiled, or the utter annihilation of the famed Grecian bend in the sweep of its remorseless folds!—*Literary Souvenir*.

REMARKABLE IGNI FATUS.—Dr. Shaw has recorded a fact which we have not observed in the pages of any other tourist. In travelling by night, in the beginning of April, through the valleys of Mount Ephraim, he was attended for more than an hour by an ignis fatuus that displayed itself in a variety of extraordinary appearances. It was sometimes globular, and sometimes pointed like the flame of a candle; then it spread itself so as to involve the whole company in its pale, inoffensive light; after which it contracted and suddenly disappeared. But in less than a minute

it would begin again to exert itself as at other times, running along from one place to another with great swiftness, like a train of gunpowder set on fire; or else it would expand itself over more than two or three acres of the adjacent mountains, discovering every shrub and tree that grew upon them. The atmosphere from the beginning of the evening had been remarkably thick and hazy, and the dew, as felt upon the bridges, was unusually clammy and unctuous. In such weather, similar luminous bodies are observed skipping about the masts and yards of ships, and are called by the mariners *corpulansæ*, a corruption of the *cuervo santo*, or sacred body, of the Spaniards. The same were the Castor and Pollux of the ancients. Some writers have attempted to account for these phenomena, particularly for the *ignis fatuus*, by supposing it to be occasioned by successive swarms of flying glow-worms, or other insects of the same nature. But, as Dr. Shaw observes, not to perceive or feel any of these insects, even when the light which they produce spreads itself around us, should induce us to explain both this appearance and the other on the received principle that they are actually meteors, or a species of natural phosphorus.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library*.

Charles the Tenth.—The first time I saw Charles the Tenth was in the Cathedral at Rheims—the crown of France upon his brow, the nobles of that gallant country at his feet. I was then young—attached to the suite of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, whose equipages, plate, and embroidered liveries, dazzled the Frenchmen as much as the splendid diamonds of the Duchesse excited the envy of their ladies. It was, in truth, a gorgeous sight. The hierarchy of the Roman Church, in the imposing costume of their order, ranged round the throne—the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, Latile, stood behind the Chair, while a Prince of the blood held the Sword of France. Who then could have imagined the future?

I saw him next at the *fetedieu* in Paris. The Priest directed monarch walked in procession, the consecrated taper in his hand. I smiled at the time, and thought of Henri Quatre. The good people of Paris were pleased with the spectacle. The cynical few—such as Talleyrand—shrugged their shoulders, but the throne of Charles seemed firm.

I saw him next at the palace of Holyrood. The picture gallery there has been fitted up as a chapel. I was admitted through the kindness of the Duke of Hamilton, the hereditary keeper of the place, into the apartments of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, which communicates, by a passage with the gallery. The altar was erected near the portrait of the Regent Murray. The Cardinal Latile, the companion of Charles's exile, was in the act of elevating the host. The dethroned monarch, surrounded by his family, knelt at his feet. The young Duke de Bordeaux was close to his grandfather.

The tone of the scene was sombre. Many, many years had elapsed since the service of the catholic church had been celebrated by a cardinal within those walls. Knox had been there, and his reforming had swept all traces of catholic devotion from the now ruined chapel. In the room where the ferocious Ruthven and imbecile Darnley murdered David Rizzio, a shrine painted on marble by Parmegiano, still stands, though mutilated by the violence of the reformer.

One of our party hearing that the collar and ring left to George the Fourth, by the Cardinal of York, out of gratitude for his pension, was to be deposited with the rest of the Stuart Regalia, in the Castle of Edinburgh, procured us admittance to witness the ceremony. The iron screen, which, like a bell glass, encompasses the table, on which the crown and sceptre are placed, was opened, the presence of a Baron of the Exchequer of Scotland being necessary for that purpose. We entered, and the jewels of the unfortunate Stuarts were placed upon the cushion. The antique circlet which had graced the brows of Bruce, of the gallant James the Fifth, of his lovely daughter, and of her prudent son, lay before us. One of our party, a young nobleman of Scotland, took it in his hand. It felt heavy. The jealous warden could scarcely contain himself at an act which he considered scarcely less than treasonable; but when the young Lord placed it on his head, the hot Scot's indignation burst all bounds. Sacrilege would have been in his eyes a venial offence compared to it. "Off with it, my Lord," he exclaimed, in a strong Scottish accent; "I am here to see no insult offered to the independent crown of Scotland. Ye ken the time has been when the head would na have been over safe that had committed sic an act of presumption."

The golden circlet was replaced on the table with due humility. The grate was closed and the mazy bolts redrawn.

OFFICIAL INSTRUCTIONS.—One of the Westminster Constables, at their assembly last week, complained that, being extremely desirous of understanding his duties, he had purchased "a book called *Constable's Miscellany*," which he saw displayed in a bookseller's window; but to his great surprise the book, instead of directing him how to comport himself in his constableness, contained nothing but some account of voyages to the North Pole!—*Eng. paper*.

MARRIED.

At Brooklyn, 31st, Henry T. Taylor, to Miss Mary Cook, formerly of Southold, L.I.

At Williamsburgh, 1st, Albert Hinchman, to Miss Julia Hallock.

At North Hempstead, Dr. Wm. W. Kissam, to Miss Jane M. Hewlett.

At Jamaica, L.I., 21st, Abraham Snelcker, to Miss Cecelia Wright.

At Dutch Kill, on the 7th, George Pine, to Miss Agnes Duryea.

At Warren, R.I., George B. Dean, of Providence, to Miss Sarah G. Simon.

At New Haven, Isaac M. Stevens to Miss Emily A. Sparks. Miss S. is between 14 and 15 years of age, and is probably the smallest married lady in the state. Mr. S. has no doubt adopted the language of many good citizens, who frequently advertise—"small favours thankfully received and punctually attended to."

At Auburn, Major S. Brown, to Miss Caroline Sherburne.

At Berlin, Conn., Col. Isaac W. Talmadge, to Miss Rila Ann Steel.

At Middletown, Theodore N. Parnell, to Miss Margaret C. Williams.

At Fairhaven, R.I., William T. Boyd, to Miss Sylvia W. Whidden.

At Pawtucket, Mowry Lapham, to Miss Sarah Withaker, formerly of Southfield.

At Concord, N.H., Dr. Nathaniel Andrus, to Miss Martha Eastman.

At Hopkinton, N.H., Hugh W. Green, Editor of the People's Advocate, Tolland, Conn., to Miss Amanda Melvin Colver.

At Meredith, N.H., Capt. Stephen F. Swan, to Miss Eliza J. Roberts.

At Wayne, Me., Joseph L. Washburn, to Miss Rachel McKee.

At Bremen, Me., Col. Otis Little, to Miss Hannah Hyer.

At Camden, Me., Capt. Isaac Bates, to Miss Mary F. Hall.

At Paris, Me., after a tedious courtship of thirty months, M. John Rowe, of Oxford, aged 75, to Miss Jane Hall, of the same place, aged 72.

In olden times, a Boy to make,
Three things it always used to take,
But now the three are changed, grow,
For some one *Will* has made a Row!

But time may change its outward gear,
And in the *Will* (Row) proceed,
A worthy stock of nice young *Will*'s,
On other *Will* to feed!

DIED.

1. This day, on the 3d, Mrs. Elizabeth Browne, widow of John Browne, aged 72.

On the 4th, Mrs. Sarah Burdell, widow of the late Joseph Burdell, Esq. of Boston, aged 80.

On the 4th, Mrs. Mary Tilton, 72.

On the 5th, Philip Shubert, 22.

On the 5th, Margaret Wilson, 27.

At Sing Sing, Wm. Adams, builder of this city, 55.

At Brooklyn, Mrs. Ruth Terry, 77.

At Newburgh, 1. I. Avaron Lawrence, 46.

At Sag Harbor, Miss Maria Hays, 20.

At Riverhead, Wm. Griffin, jr. 30.

At North Sea, L. H. Harris, wife of Capt. Henry Harris, aged 63.

At Lansingburgh, Miss Maria Ann Whiting, daughter of the late Wm. Whiting, of New York, Conn.

At Cortia, head of Sower Lake, Mary C. daughter of Dr. Joseph Adams, aged 24.

At East Brookfield, N.Y., Reuben C. Smith, 27.

At Bristol, N.Y., Wm. Wood, 45.

At Hartford, Alphonse Haines, of the firm of A. & T. Hanks, aged 54.

At East Hartford, Mrs. Eliza Goodwin, 55, wife of Joseph Goodwin, Esq.

At New York, Rev. Alfred Mitchell, 42.

At Providence, John Tyler, 48.

At Chagrin, R.I., on the 5th, Mrs. Jerusha Kimball, wife of Major Amos Kimball, aged 65, and on the 4th, Major Amos Kimball, 70.

At Gloversville, Mrs. Nancy, aged 31, wife of Eliza Martin, deceased.

At Covington, Peter Wilber, Esq. of Warwick, 45.

At Concord, N.H., Dr. Richard Foster, and the Rev. Thos. Worcester.

At Grant Falls, N.H., Mrs. Betsy McCall, aged 40, wife of Dr. John McCall, and daughter of Gen. Richard Parson of Farmington.

SYLVESTER. 120 Broadway, N.Y.—Official drawing of the N.Y. Lottery, Reg. Class No. 13 for 1831, drawn January 11, 1832—48 30 41 6 23 14 23.

The capital prize, gained by Sylvester.

The following brilliant schemes will next be drawn:

Jan. 18—Extra 1, \$20,000, 10,000..... \$5

Jan. 25—Extra 2, \$12,500, 3,000..... \$4

Feb. 1—Extra 3, \$20,000, 5,000..... \$5

A New York Lottery will be drawn every Wednesday. Those desiring tickets and not missing any particular class, will have sent to these tickets in the first good scheme.

Orders from several met some attention as on personal application, if addressed to the subscriber, who is licensed by the State.

N.B. All those who deal with Sylvester will receive the "Reporter, Counterfeit Detector, and Price Current" (published every Wednesday) gratis for 12 months. It is a most useful paper, and should be in the hands of every country merchant or dealer.

1st Commission business, also Exchange, and collection of debts, attended to with promptness.

S. J. SYLVESTER, N.Y.

Reference: Messrs. Yates & McIntyre. Jan. 14

COMFORTABLES, CLOAKS, &c.—Establishment, No. 50 Maiden Lane.—The subscriber, having extended his room for the last season, and it is prepared, equal at least in style, quality, and cheapness, to that of any other establishment. The stock comprises: Cloths, French, German, and English Merinos, and plain 8-10s and Satins; Cassimere, Plaid, &c.—Ladies and Misses' dresses. They are made by persons of experience and taste, and after the most approved French pattern.

Comfortables.—The excellence as well as economy of this article is well attested by those who have made use of it for a number of years. It possesses decided advantages over other kinds of covering, being of the same nature as down, containing feathers with extreme warmth. Great pains have been taken to obtain suitable materials, at the lowest market prices. On account of peculiar advantages in manufacture, they will be sold at such prices as will offer an inducement to the most economical. Families, Public Schools, Hotels, Shipping &c. furnished with any quantity and size, at less than the ordinary cost of the material. Merchants will be supplied at the lowest rates.

New York, Nov. 1, 1831. DANIEL O. CAULKINS.

TRAPUYS ELIXIR—The Fire King's Tooth Drops, an instantaneous cure for all Toothaches, for sale at 30 cents each bottle, by

LUCIUS S. COMSTOCK,

Jan. 14. 20 Fulton St. and 56 Division St.

FINE POCKET-BOOKS.—Great assortment—170 kinds—(principally for Book-sellers) wholesale and retail; by T. Busing, Manufacturer, 70 William street. Book-sellers and Dealers, who desire good articles for retailing, will find it their interest to call and examine the quality and prices of the above. Also at retail, a most beautiful assortment of ladies and gentlemen's Steel trimmed Card Cases and Pocket Books, at very reasonable prices.

A NEW MUSICAL ANNUAL.

Yes, who would complement the fair,
Apply to Firth & Hall.

At No. 1, in Franklin square—
You'll never regret the call.

FIRTH & HALL have just received, on coloured paper, of the most delicate tint and texture, a musical selection, entitled, "The New Year's Gift: a new Annual, or Musical Souvenir;" formed of the most favourite gems of melody and harmony that have become popular; collected, arranged, and composed, as a fantasia, by M. Schlegel. This production comprises Madlle Sontag's favourite air, in the opera of the Swiss Family; The Swiss Boy; a German melody, as sung in the Bohemian Brothers; Swiss melody, as sung by Madlle Stockholm, &c. &c.

Also, the "Muletier Quadrilles," and the favourite "Diana Waltz" for the piano forte, with an *ad lib.* accompaniment for the flute. Musicians' Music ready for delivery. Jan. 14.

SUPERIOR NEW MUSIC.

"Dost thou love me, sister Ruth?" say, say, say!
"As I love would speak the truth," yea, yea, yea!"

FIRTH & HALL, No. 1 Franklin square, have just published a new Quaker comic duet, entitled "Dost thou love me, sister Ruth?" as sung by Madame Vestris and Mr. Harley, embellished with a vignette, showing the positions, attitudes, &c. of the performers. Also, the New Year's Gift, a new Annual, or Musical Souvenir.

Just received from Baltimore, the "Musical Bijou," for 1832, 106 pages, with the following exquisite engravings: Beauty of Barcelona, The Minstrel, and The Parting.

From London, "Bayley's Songs of Almacks," 61 folio pages, with the following engravings, elegantly executed: Queen Adelaide, Countess G. Lady D. Lady L., and the "Debutante," all highly finished portraits. Likewise, "La Variete," or "Petite Morceaux," for the voice and piano forte, 66 quarto pages; and the Musical Gem for 1832, quarto, London. Jan. 11.

MOCASIN MANUFACTORY.

Store No. 105 Chatham St. corner of Pearl.

JOHN NICHOLS, (successor to William Jackson,) manufacturer of pure hair mattresses and feather beds, ladies' and gentlemen's mocasins, of every description, wholesale and retail, on the best terms. All who wish a good article, at a fair price, are invited to call.

Old mattresses cleaned and repaired. Steamboats and packets supplied at the shortest notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber did advertise under the head of *serious foot*, a liniment warranted to cure the *Piles* in all cases, and the orders of the proprietor, Mr. Hays, that the price of a box (50 cents) should be paid to any respectable person who would say he had used a box without being cured; since which many boxes have been sold, and I have not had one application to refund. A few boxes yet for sale.

L. S. COMSTOCK,

dec. 31. 20 Fulton and 56 Division street.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY.

Elisir Pectorale—Vegetable Pectoral Elixir.

THE discovery of this inestimable Elixir was the result of ten years' close study, in order to discover the causes, symptoms, and cure for all those formidable diseases that prey upon the organs of the chest, namely, consumption, asthma, catarrh, edema, and every species of oppression of the chest. In all cases where this Elixir has been duly administered, its astonishing efficacy over every other article heretofore offered to the public, for the same purpose, has been invariably manifested, convincing the most incredulous, that consumption is not incurable, if properly attended to.

For sale by the proprietor's agent, Nathan B. Graham, Jr. No. 78 Cedar street, corner of William street, wholesale and retail. Jan. 7.

NOVA SCOTIA COALS.—Sydney and Albion, or Port Jackson, of the best description, direct from the Mines, for sale at the Coal Yard in Robert street, between Washington and Greenwich streets; at the Yard at Brooklyn, foot of Adams street; and at the office of the subscriber—either by the cargo, or in quantities to suit purchasers. Also, Coke of superior quality, for melting iron or brass, and likewise well adapted for the uses of kitchens. The prices are as follow:—Tons the vessel—Sydney Coals, \$9.20 per children of 35 bushels (1 and 1/2 ton); Port Jackson Coals, \$8.90 per children. From the yards—Sydney Coals, coarse, \$11.50 per children; do, mixed, \$10.50 per do; do, screenings, \$7.50 per do; Port Jackson Coals, \$10.50 per do; and Coke, \$11.50 per do.

Orders left with the following persons will receive prompt attention:—Loring & Randolph, of Murray and Washington-sts.; John B. Postwick, corner of West and Clarkson-sts.; Jacob S. Scharf, 235 Washington street; Thomas Edley, corner of Catherine and Madison-sts.; Walter M. Franklin, 6 North-Ende Exchange; Eliza Secor, 47 Broadway; R. N. Wain, 175 Broadway; Nathan Newton, 15 Fulton street; G. W. Waite, Fulton street, Brooklyn.

Oct. 23. RUPERT J. COCHRAN, 27 Broad-st.

WORM SUGAR PLUMS.

A CERTAIN and safe medicine for removing worms, and cleansing the stomach and intestines of the unhealthy maids in which they are produced.

From the pleasant form and taste of this medicine, it is decidedly the most convenient for administering to children. For sale by Geo. D. CORCORAN,

431, Apothecary and Druggist, a Pearl and Rose-sts.

EMIGRATING PASTILES.—Wax and Incense. Powders are prepared and offered for sale, wholesale and retail, by

Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,

Jan. 7. 377 Broadway.

INDIA RUBBER SHOES.

OF a superior quality and size, for sale, wholesale and retail, at the lowest market prices, by

N. B. GRAHAM, Jr.

Jan. 7. 38 Cedar, a William st.

TO THE PUBLIC.

MRS. M. CARROLL, has the pleasure of informing her friends and the public, that the newly invented Dentifrice is composed of the most innocent and fragrant materials; which not only preserve and beautify the teeth, but render the breath of those who use it sweet and agreeable.

She has the privilege and satisfaction of being able to give reference to many of the largest and most respectable schools, as well as to many of the first rank in society, who have used this valuable composition for several years; during which period they never have been troubled with tooth-ach, sore gums, or bad breath.

The names of respectable families, and proprietors of large schools, in testimony of the above facts, are to be seen at the house of the inventor, No. 25 John street, New York.

Directions for use.—Take a small quantity on the brush, and rub well the inside and outside of the teeth.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

Letter from Dr. Mitchell to Mrs. Carroll.

Madam,—From the experiments made by myself and several members of my family with your Dentifrice, we think very favourably of it. The preparation, being in the form of a paste or electuary, will be preferred on that account by many, though powders are the more common compositions. I am satisfied, from the experience you made me of its composition, that it contains nothing injurious to the teeth. On the contrary, it is an application capable of cleansing and whitening them, and of sweetening the mouth. I have no doubt that the persons who have or shall use it, will recommend it to their friends and acquaintance.

I wish you success in the introduction of an article so nearly connected with beauty and health.

SAMUEL L. MITCHELL, M.D.

Also, letters of recommendation from the following gentlemen:

W. M. IRELAND, M.D.

VALENTINE MOTT, M.D.

THOMAS BOYD, M.D.

SAMUEL ARGELLY, M.D.

G. K. LAWRENCE, M.D.

dec. 31. A CARD.

EVAN JONES, grateful for the encouragement he has received in the establishment of the Broadway stages, takes this occasion to assure the public and his friends that he will continue to use every exertion to give satisfaction to every person who favours him with their custom. It is his intention, if required by the public, to substitute other stages than those now used, such as may be deemed more convenient, and more ornamental. Having been the first person to establish a regular line of Broadway stages, and having been nearly twenty years pursuing the occupation of keeping a lively stable in this city, he flatters himself that he fully understands the business in every thing relating to the safety of passengers, good horses, and good carriages.

Evan Jones has seen with regret a card addressed to the public by A. Brower, in which Mr. Brower refuses to take in exchange any of his stage tickets, and he predicates this refusal upon the fact, that he has a considerable number of Evan Jones's tickets which he will not redeem. Evan Jones certainly will not redeem in money any of his tickets held by Mr. Brower, but he will exchange his own tickets for those of Mr. Brower, of which he holds a considerable amount. Nothing can be fairer than to exchange ticket for ticket; but to ask money for tickets, while Evan Jones holds Brower's tickets, is unreasonable. Tickets are for the accommodation of the public, and not a vendible article between proprietors; Jones sells Brower's tickets, and Brower sells Jones's; it is an article of exchange altogether, and why, after so many years pursuing this plan, he should back out, cannot be accounted for, unless in a spirit of opposition, he wishes to drive Evan Jones off the stage.

Evan Jones informs the public, that he will continue to receive Mr. Brower's tickets from passengers, as he is disposed to show that he has no hostility to Mr. Brower, but only desires to have a fair proportion of public patronage, such as he may merit. Jan. 7. 41.

CURIOUS CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS AND AMUSEMENTS.

For Ladies and Gentlemen of the haughty tone.

GODS, devils, angels, saints, men, birds, beasts, fishes, &c. &c. cut out on fancy paper, with blue, red, white, black, silver, and gold ink, by the imitable musical and magic pen of *Goward*, the celebrated professor and teacher of music, penmanship, &c. in six lessons of one hour each, (at 314 Grand street, every day from 9 to 3, and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings, from 7 to 10—and at 152 Nassau street, opposite the City Hall, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from 4 to 5, afternoons, and 7 to 10, evenings.)

During the holidays Mr. Goward will astonish and delight visitors by his truly wonderful musical and pen performances, such as imitating different players, instruments, animals, &c. on several instruments, playing on one string, writing with 6 pens in both hands at once to the right and left, counterfeiting any signature or writing at sight, and striking out off hand 21 animals at once with 21 pens in 4, to the tune of Yankee Doodle!

Strangers and others can call any day at 9 o'clock at 314 Grand street, and stay only six hours, when they can go home at 3 with the certain ability of playing 6 tunes by note correctly on any instrument, or writing a perfectly easy, swift, and elegant hand. Many other branches are taught in the space of 6 hours, on extremely low terms. These are sober facts proved by thousands. Young Gentlemen take notice!

N.B. The above performances and lessons, I humbly think, are the best, cheapest, and most agreeable presents and amusements the beau monde will meet with during the holidays. Jan. 7.

IPECAC & SQUILLS LOZENGES.

THE most convenient, pleasant, and effectual cough medicines are offered for sale by

Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,

Jan. 7. 377 Broadway.

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. RYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren street, near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

In imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable color, and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Ryan performs all necessary operations on the Teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his

PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR.

highly recommended by many of the most eminent Physicians and Surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application: the use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing Dental operations in general, Mr. Ryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M.D., D. W. Kissam, Jr., M.D., Amos Wright, M.D., and John C. Cheeseman, M.D.

August 6. 1838.

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

The subscriber most respectfully begs leave to invite the attention of ladies and gentlemen, who are wishing to supply, in the best possible manner, the loss of their teeth, to his admirable

IMITATION HUMAN INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

These teeth possess decided advantages and merit to superintend over every other kind of artificially inserted teeth, and over all other substitutes used for similar purposes. They possess highly polished and cultivated surfaces, most beautiful enamel, and that peculiar unaltered appearance, which exactly corresponds with the living natural teeth. They are unchangeable in their color, and never lose in every generation of shade, so that any teeth remaining in the mouth, so as to render the change scarcely in a degree. They are perfectly white, and with their color, retain their form, solidity, durability, strength, and beauty, to the last period of human existence. In point of economy they will be found highly advantageous to the wearer, as they will not only save many successive sets of teeth, but also supply the loss of the original teeth, and will not, like teeth formed of artificial substances, absorb the saliva, or become saturated with the juices of the mouth, nor retain sticking to them particles of food, causing purities and disgusting smells; they therefore neither offend the taste, nor contaminate the breath.

From the unvaried elegance which a liberal and discerning public has bestowed upon the subscriber's "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth," other dentists have deemed it not proper to appropriate the name to teeth of their procuring and inserting; and while with heartfelt gratitude the subscriber acknowledges the very gracious as well as laudable manner with which his professional services have been received by the enlightened citizens of this great metropolis, he deems it no less his duty to caution his patrons and the public, that his "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth" are, in this city, inserted by himself only.

The subscriber will continue to furnish ladies and gentlemen with single teeth to suit them in a style not surpassed nor excelled in Europe or America.

Every operation upon the teeth performed on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill.

Gangrene of the teeth removed, and the decaying teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping, with gold, metallic paste, or platinum. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary calculus tartar, hence removing that peculiar disgusting taste of a bad breath. Irregularities in children's teeth preserved, in a safe manner. Teeth extracted with the most perfect safety, and old stumps, fangs, or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, granulations, abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed with nicety and ease.

The subscriber is kindly permitted to refer, if necessary, to a very great number of ladies and gentlemen of the first respectability, as well as to many of the eminent and distinguished members of the medical faculty.

JONATHAN DODGE, L. N. H. OPERATIVE DENTAL SURGEON.

Manufacturer and Inventor of "Incorruptible Imitation Human Teeth."

No. 5 Chambers street.

H. BEHEAN, Ladies and Gentlemen's Hair Cutter, Dresser, Perfumer, and Ornament.

at Hair Manufacturer, from Paris and London. Begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has commenced business at 411 Broadway, near door from Lispenard street, and hopes, from his experience, combined with a thorough knowledge of his business, to merit a share of public patronage which shall ever be his study to deserve.

Ladies' Ornamental Hair of every description and of the newest Parisian and London fashions; Gentlemen's Wigs, Toppers, &c., made on the most improved principles warranted not to shrink in the wearing of them.

A magnificent assortment of Perfumery, Brushes, Cutlery, &c. &c. which he can warrant genuine.

Nov. 29. 1y

GOLD AND SILVER EPOIATED PENCIL CASES.

No. 61 Spring street, near Broadway, New York. Every pencil affords.

LOWNDS & DURANT have now on hand a general assortment of ever pointed pencil cases, comprising a variety of patterns; warranted not inferior to any made in the Century for style of workmanship, or beauty of the article which they offer to the public at reduced prices. A reasonable discount to wholesale dealers.

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S. WINTERTON, 166 Canal street, 3 doors west of Varick street, has constantly on hand an elegant assortment of Gentlemen's Black and Drab Hats, of the latest fashion; as well as of every other description, as good as can be made at \$2 and upwards.

Persons purchasing at the above place, will have the advantage of getting a good article for less money than at any other store in the city.